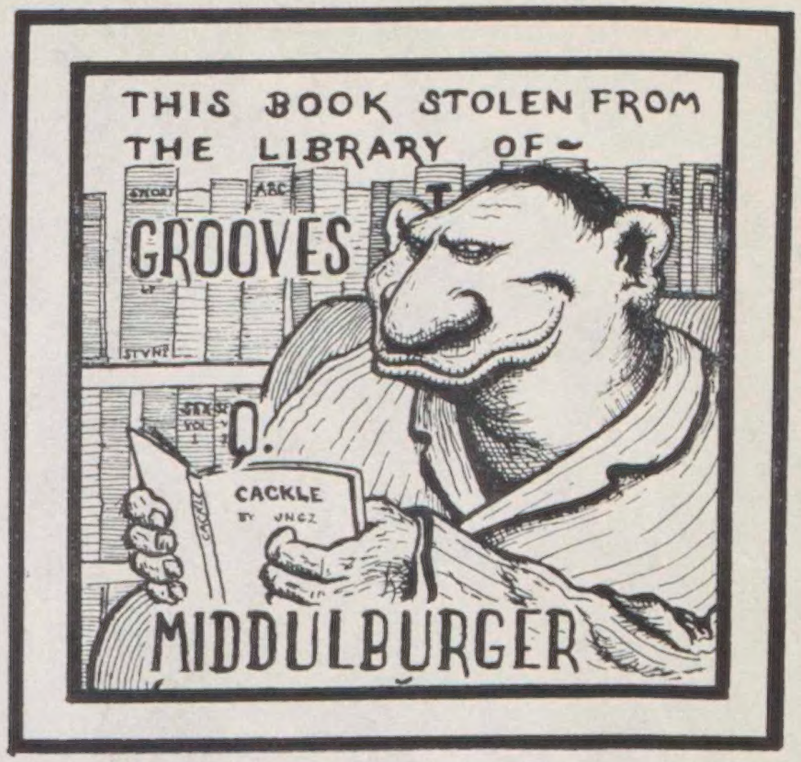
World's Fair - 1893

Types & Scenes

from the Midway Plaisance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William Wells

MIDWAY TYPES

A Book of
Illustrated Lessons
About

The People of the Midway Plaisance

WORLD'S FAIR

1893

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A Welsh Maiden.

This lady became well known to Exposition goers through her connection with the Exhibit of Welsh Industries, of which she was in charge.

Chinese Beauty.

From the Congress of Beauties of Forty Nations.

A Bulgarian.

Those who visited the Bulgarian Curiosity Shop will recognize in the above the manager of the place.

The Hindoo Jugglers.

These performers will be instantly recognized and remembered by all who visited the Midway, their feats being among the wonders of the street.

Samoan Belles.

The Samoan theater and village were well known and popular features of the Exposition, and the likenesses given are those of three universally admired women of the colony. They are excellent types of the South Sea Islanders.

A Samoan Warrior.

A magnificent specimen of the men of the Samoan Village. Their shiny skins, looking like burnished copper, the muscles standing out like ropes, and the quiet manners of these people, made their display one of the most attractive of the Fair.

Javanese Beauty.

This picture recalls one of the actresses of the Javanese theater in the Javanese Village. These people were favorite types of study for all who visited them, their small stature, gentle ways and marked air of contentment winning the liking of all who saw them.

Javanese Bride and Groom.

These two little people of the Java Village obtained distinction by becoming man and wife during the latter part of the Fair.

Simon, A Syrian Musician.

He was one of the Zeibek tribe, living near Smyrna, was a skillful dancer in their kind of dances, and played the tambora in the Oriental Odeon, Turkish Village.

Rosa, The Turkish Dancer.

Everyone visiting the Midway saw Rosa, whose graceful dancing gave her great reputation She became famous for her whirling which was often prolonged for twenty-five minutes. She was a good singer and musician.

A Shepherd from Khurdistan.

This face and dress will be easily remembered by all pedestrians on the Midway. He was usually walking nervously to and fro at the entrance to the Odeon. The garb in which he appeared was felt and sheep skin.

The Turkish Bride.

This woman played the part of the Turkish bride in the Oriental Wedding at Damascus, as presented in the Turkish Village. According to the custom for such a festivity she walks on high shoes or stilts.

Two Swordsmen of Damascus.

These were men of skill and their sword bouts were always watched by admiring crowds. The one on the right sometimes fought and successfully defended himself against two opponents at the same time.

Four Dancers from Constantinople.

These women presented four dances formerly danced before the Caliphs of Bagdad, and sang a poem called "The Ringing of the Bell."

A Gem from the Moorish Theater.

A popular feature of this place was the Roumanian Royal Concert Band, of which Mam'selle Sophie Farbianu, whose portrait is given above, was a favorite.

"Far Away Moses."

This dignitary long ago had a European reputation among tourists. The bringing him from Cairo, Egypt, to "The Cairo Street," World's Fair, only made his fame world-wide.

A Donkey Boy, Street of Cairo,

Will be remembered by all who cantered up and down the street on a donkey's back.

A Mug of French Cider.

Most of those who drank at the French cider mill will have no trouble in recalling this face.

Peter, The Sentinel at "Old Vienna."

The pedestrians on the Midway will never forget this stout, stolid figure on guard at the gate of "Old Vienna," a figure which was often mistaken for an imitation man.

A Prince of the Bedouins.

He was the Sheik of the Bedouin tribe in the Ottoman Wild East display, west end of the Midway Plaisance.

Royalty on the Midway.

Chicago has had more than once royalty within its camp; but to no one was given such an ovation as was accorded to Maria Eulalia de Bourbon, daughter of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, aunt of the present King, and a Princess of the royal blood. She came, with her husband, a grandson of Louis Philippe of France, to view the Exposition. She arrived in Chicago June 6th, and was immediately subjected to a course of festivities, public and private, that would have tired the strongest of hearty livers. She visited the Midway, June 10th, as a private person, stopping at the German village, where a luncheon had been provided for her and where the German band gave her its best music. From there she was taken to the Austrian village in one of those cumbersome Sedan chairs which their Turkish bearers made famous, and greatly enjoyed the music of the Imperial Austrian band. She concluded her tour of the street by visiting various shops by means of the Sedan chairs. June 11th she made another tour of the Midway in a roller chair, studying the panorama of humanity presented on that strange thoroughfare.

Cairo Street Dudes.

In his ordinary business suit the young man of Cairo Street, who, for a livelihood, whacked the donkey or led the camel, was a rather unclean specimen of humanity. He made himself at home with his "tricks and his manners," and people seemed to be tickled with the oddity of his wearing apparel. But when he put on his good clothes and walked the Midway for an airing and a conquest the illustration shows that he performed effective transformation in the matter of clothing and looked as clean and solemn as a country parson. Some of these boys were more dangerous than they looked. Max Toby Mahomed, aged 16, a genuine Nubian, enthused with liquor, put to flight the whole of the Cairo Street population one August evening; and another youth was braver still, for he married an American girl. A Cairo Street dude looked as mild as his donkey or his camel; but he was a human being for all that.

Denmark's Claimant.

Denmark has given the world famous men and noted women in art, science and literature It was natural to expect that she would be acceptably represented in that competitive galaxy of women known on the Midway as the Beauties of Forty Nations. The public, having before it a picture of her representative there, can calmly consider the matter and make an unprejudiced decision. So much sweetness of face and fairness of form was centralized in the great building, and there was such a feeling of compassion for the exhibited prevailing, that it was difficult to render a first decision. But an opportunity for uninfluenced consideration is offered by the pictures given in "Midway Types" of the various representatives and that of Denmark will certainly call forth admiration for the attributes which approach perfection.

A Turkish Clown.

The man who, for months, was watched with wondering eyes as he kept up a tireless dance in the little arcade entrance to the Turkish Odeon—who smiled, snapped his fingers, shook his head, flashed his black eyes in a flirting fashion, and carried himself in such a rollicking manner as to fascinate the waiting crowd was Alida, a Turkish clown, who will be instantly recalled by his picture. Alida was not at all like our style of jester, but in his own country, where he was probably thoroughly appreciated, it was his trade or profession to visit princes, chiefs and gentlemen and undertake to amuse their guests with witty sayings, funny songs and grotesque dances. In playing his part he was freighted with all the warlike instruments which Turkish laws permit a man to carry. Alida was a popular favorite, because he was full of life and activity and struggled heroically to make an American public laugh over Turkish fun.

A Modern Waitress of "Ye Olden Tyme."

All the pretty women were not centralized, nor even represented, in the Congress of Beauty. Some of them sparkled, like diamonds in uncouth settings, in various attractions along the "Midway." One found them, demure or piquant in booths and theaters. Perhaps as marked a one as any is the waitress above, whose sauciness of look and manner added to a pretty face and form made "Ye Olde Tyme" restaurant lose its quaintness and assimilate to the catchiness of modern times. If our great grandfathers had had restaurants at which to get their meals (which they had not), and if those restaurants had had handsome waitresses like this one of the "Midway," the effect would certainly have startled our great grandmothers and the historians of the time.

It was left to the Columbian Exposition to supply beauty types for the artistic cravings and to demonstrate, by comparison, what "Ye Olde Tymers" had not.

A Woman Artist from Java.

The Exposition would have missed many a good thing if the Javanese had not discovered the Midway and planted a colony thereon. They did most everything that is worth doing, perhaps not after the American style, but certainly in a way so novel as to be humorous. From constructing bamboo huts (that were models of neatness if one may judge from the habit the people had of leaving their shoes on the front porch) to the production of delicate carvings seemed but a span of labor for these pertinacious little workers. The women were untiring in their domestic duties. They did better than that, and became artists. The above picture is that of a woman who painted on silk. Her work may have been deficient in technique, but it was brilliant in color and manipulated with a carefulness that was tedious.

A Cingalese Dancer.

From the Lake Shore Plaza of the Exposition to the Midway was not so great a distance, but that Ceylon had its representatives on the wonder-emitting thoroughfare. They were a handsome people, these types of a race the history of whose capitals (there were two) goes back to over 500 years before Christ, and whose art representation at the Exposition was rich in finely carved figures of costly woods representing Buddha and Vishnu, and in rare examples of delicate work in jewelry and curios. The men were very black, very agile, dressed in white and with their shapely heads crowned with hair tightly twisted and held in place by a comb, there were no more picturesque race types in the Exposition than these visitors and exhibitors from Ceylon.

Three Turkish Musicians.

One could not truthfully praise the Turkish music heard on the Midway. As a matter of fact, no one did praise it. It was a mixture of whimper and shout, and very much like the lullaby our Indian squaw croons over her pappoose. No American audience would ever become excited over the vocal or instrumental outcries that were presented by the Oriental performers at the Midway places of amusement. There was an all around laziness that was wearisome. But there was also a picturesqueness and a novelty about the people, emphasized by their actions, that attracted and held audiences. The picture above contains likenesses of three performers very popular during the Fair and who will be remembered because they were pronounced representatives of a people and a calling, and to a certain extent, substantiated the ideals tendered by poets and story workers.

Up in the World.

The patient camel could not speak his thoughts about the Exposition and the American people. If he had been endowed with speech his oratory would unquestionably have ranked high in classic curses; for he did little else but kneel down and get up to accommodate courageous men, women and children. Everyone wanted to ride, but a merciless ridicule awaited all who made the attempt. Once mounted, however, the world was at your feet and the shrill hi-ji of the driver restored confidence as the camel bowed his way through the crowds. The two maidens in the illustration evidently enjoy the situation, little dreaming of immortalization in "Midway Types" in company with the Hindoo juggler on the right, blowing his unmusical pipe to call attention to his tent and its attractions on the left. It was thus that fakirs and facts often came together on the Street of Cairo.

He Played the Pipe.

The Congress of Beauty building would have lost a good deal of its attractiveness had its Scotch bagpiper suddenly ceased his sturdy promenade at the entrance, squeezed the wind out of his instrument and gone away never to return. His warlike music stimulated the crowds. His adornments and brawny physique captivated the women on the street if not in the hot, stuffy room above him. No brass band was needed to accompany and enunciate the pipings of this player. Scotsmen knew the notes he blew out and the rest of the world did not care so long as it could see what the fuss was all about. The Midway lost a charm when the shrill clamors of his pipes were at an end.

A Famous Musician.

Wine, beer and music, especially the latter, made "Old Vienna" the most favored resort on the Midway, a spot towards which the faces of the *elite* were turned as though it were like Moses' promised land. People sought the place knowing that there they would hear music such as was given no where else on the Exposition grounds. Few knew under whose management it was produced but they did know that it was there and no where else. The Imperial Austrian Band did the work, holding great crowds in pleasant slavery for weeks and months. In command of the band was Herr C. M. Ziehrer, the noted leader and composer. His picture shows him as a man of decided character and his abilities must have been marked or he could not have been the leader of so popular an organization as the band. One of the proudest moments of his life must have been when the Princess Eulalia, after listening to the band's music upon the occasion of one of her incog visits to the Midway, requested his presence and personally thanked him for the rare musical treat which had been given her. Commemoration of his visit to this country is his piece "The Columbian March," which is dedicated to President Cleveland.

A Peep at Algiers.

In the hurly-burly of the Exposition one did not seem to accentuate the peculiarities marking the coming together of the representatives of more nations than, according to history, ever before met at one time and place. Since the Fair has ended a quiet review of its story fills the tale with exclamation points. Almost forgotten lands tendered a type or two of existence. Obsolete people came out of their mist and insignificant powers ranged up alongside the big ones. The memories of them all make a motley heritage. As strange a tribute as any was from Algiers and Tunis, whose shopkeepers and play people filled the building portrayed in the picture. Here they sold wares and trinkets; here their actors and dancers presented phases of human existence startlingly at variance with our own modes and manners. Their book of Chicago life was but a pamphlet, yet that pamphlet repaid the study given it. Doubtless the Exposition was indebted to France, the possessor of the two countries named, for the loan of its people. But no matter how or why they came the public was thankful that they came at all.

The Johore Bungalow.

The smallest nation in the world sending exhibits to the World's Fair was the Sultanate of Johore. Part of this exhibit was located in the Johore Village on the Midway just west of the Samoan Village. The bungalow, which occupied the center of the space was made in Johore and constructed of the finest native woods. It contained a Rajah's bed, a loom for weaving the savong, weapons, curios of all kinds, a booth for selling teas and ananas, the national drink. Johore is the only independent kingdom in Southern Asia, now that Siam is practically under French rule. It is fourteen miles from Singapore, north, on the Strait of Malacca. The population is over 400,000, of which nearly one half are Chinese.

On Guard.

As rich a congregation of medieval treasures of art and arms as were ever gathered, formed the attraction of the Museum of the German Village. If you attempted to enter this treasury without paying, a warrior bold, dressed and armed as in this picture, obstructed the way, and you were forced to contribute a quarter to the exchequer. The most fascinating war stories of our grandparents' times embodied heroes and characters of this kind, and to bring this soldier type to Chicago and show the style of dress worn by men who lost and won battles when fighting was done by the sword and lance, was to introduce a startling contrast to our present war tailoring. The student who missed this subject for study and omitted from his lessons the memorials guarded, passed forever the opportunity of a lifetime.

A Dairy Maid.

The exquisite taste of the Countess of Aberdeen is selecting people for the Irish Industrial Village is very pronounced in the handsome, winsome half-smiling face of this dairy maid of her village. Perhaps the young lady was detrimental to the financial success of her ladyship's enterprise; for who could come within range of those eyes or within seeing distance of the magic curve of those lips and retain sufficient presence of mind to get quotations on butter, remember the price of milk, or care to fritter away any time on exhibits of lace, crochet work, knitting embroidery or bog-oak carving? Chicago enterprise and Chicago selfishness was for once defeated, if the dairy maid remained a maid after the Fair was over

A Pretty Brazilian.

Just east of the ostrich farm was the Brazilian theater, it was out of the way for popularity, but passersby could not forget it, for up and down in front paced a man whose hair was plumed with feathers, and who resembled an ostrich walking on his head. Inside the little building danced the original of the illustration above. She certainly was not bad looking. She was willowy, piquant and pretty and her brown skin only increased her attractiveness. The dances in which she took part had just enough of the Spanish in them to stir up the sleepy blood in the most stolid of her audiences, and make her saucy grace the passport to their hearts

Three Little Vagabonds from Cairo.

You couldn't miss little fellows like these three. They seemed always at your knee, careless, happy and—dirty. The musicians were, like most children, only noise makers; but the charm which surrounded them appeared to arise from the fact that they were ragged, unwashed, tough and careless, and, most important of all, from the misty East. These features were extenuations for the exercise of bad taste in selecting Turkish urchins for favor rather than the children of the city's streets. But the Midway would have been incomplete without these children, who were more often objects of study than of admiration.

A Dancer of the Persian Palace.

It must be decidedly *mal-apropos* to attempt any description of the notorious dances which made infamous the place catalogued as "the Persian Palace of Eros" (a palace only by name) and so near the Ferris wheel that you could skip a cracker from the yard of the wheel to the roof of the incongruous building with its *olla-podrida* architecture. On the ground floor was a bazaar for trade; up stairs a trade for the *bizarre*. Old men and wicked youths haunted the little den called a theater and watched, in a blear-eyed ecstacy, the Oriental athletes of the stage as they danced, toyed with the cigarette, and by their smiles gave a Persian-Parisian charm to the anomalous entertainment. "The Midway Types" would miss a note in the scale were these dancers omitted from representation and so the likeness of one of the most popular of the performers is given. Her dances are carefully preserved in the memories of her enchanted audiences.

A Lion Tamer.

Over 2,0[illegible] people, men, women, children, and infants in arms, went into Hagenbeck's menagerie during the reign of the Exposition, and of this enormous multitude there were very few of the thoughtful ones who did not feel a touch of fear, a partly formed expectancy, that the performing lions would maim or kill one of the trainers. Several times they were not disappointed. It was certainly a brave though rash act for a man to cage himself with animals whose cruel instincts were only dormant and to whom a drop of human blood would have been a signal of death to the giver. Certainly Mr. Penje, of whom an excellent likeness is presented, courted death as a profession when he daily presented himself in the arena and, before admiring thousands, compelled the "king of beasts" to do tricks and obey orders as if he were a dog. A stout heart, watchful eye, astounding nerve and admirable physique have so far prevented the lions from ending the days of Mr. Penje, the lion tamer, and the children's delight.

A Trio From Lapland.

Lapland, generally regarded as one of the dreariest, most desolate countries on the globe, fringing the Arctic ocean from the Atlantic to the White Sea, loaned the Exposition a colony of twenty-four people. This was generous for the Northmen, whose population of Lapland is only in the neighborhood of 30,000. The maidens who came were blonde, blue-eyed, plump and vivacious, and wore a costume both picturesque and becoming. Their portraits show that they were not bad looking; in fact there is a winsomeness about their faces and apparel that places them among the most attractive features of the Midway and the great Exposition. These Lap women were not bad musicians, and were skillful makers of ornaments from human hair.

From the Shah's Dominions.

In the drape and pose of the head of this Persian beauty there is a Madonna-like semblance. She was only an unobtrusive woman of the Persian bazaar, yet her features—the large, languishing eyes, large mouth and broad chin—are scarcely those which romance and legends have taught the world to associate with the languishing women of the Shah's dominion. However, the Oriental's love for finery is shown in the picture with such affluence of bangles and spangles as to satisfy the doubting that no European woman would weigh herself down with such a collection of metal *bric-a-brac*, however much she might dote on diamonds and pearls, as proper trappings.

Capt. Dalton, the Professional Swimmer.

To walk the water like a thing of life is poetical, but impractical; but to ride it like a duck appeals to the heart of every man and boy who remember what was meant by "goin' in swimmin'" Capt. Dalton, the original of the likeness, and professor of the Midway Natatorium, was a marvel to boys and men in his manipulation of water. He was its master. Old fellows, who thought they knew a trick or two in the matter of swimming, found their best feats surpassed. He could swim longer, dive deeper and cut up more aquatic capers than the best of them. They had respect for his armor of medals, and admitted that he was not born to be drowned—that, like a cork, he always "bobbed up serenely."

A Woman Without Fear.

One day, Sept. 23, 1893, an Exposition employe, not of the Midway, but courageous enough to be the queen of all its peoples, woke up and found herself famous. The afternoon of the day previous, without public announcement of any kind, she had left her desk in the Art Gallery, stepped into a balloon and sailed away with the aeronaut, Prof. King. The air-ship rose high in the air and passed swiftly out over the lake. At sundown it had descended so low as to strike the waves and from that time on for more than an hour the basket was dragged along through the water. Boats had started in pursuit but losing sight of the balloon in the darkness returned to their moorings. It was reserved for the revenue cutter Andy Johnson to rescue the couple from what in the darkness had become a perilous position. This intrepid woman was Miss Joie Morris, whose likeness is at the head of this reminiscence. In conversing about her journey she declared that she had not felt the least fear and that if she had the chance to go with Prof. King she would make another ascension. The lady considered the adventure as a bit of pleasant variety, notwithstanding that for hours a city full of people, knowing the situation, regarded the voyagers as lost.

An Obscure Shop.

The "Street in Cairo" was not half seen by the myriads of people who crowded and crushed one another on the narrow way. The little shops gave no hint of the life and work behind them; the inhabitants told no stories of their living. Those visitors who lingered over the grotesque bits of brass ware, offered here and there, did not behold the toiler at his labor. In giving the picture of the brass-workers at their tasks, there is offered something that was seen by only a few. The stolid, swarthy men, the manner of their work, their tools and partially manufactured goods, and their dismal workroom, will be revelations to our modern worker in metals, where machinery does the work of many hands, and the wonders of the brain find speedy expression in the voice and forms of the marvelous work produced.

Watching the Lion Tamer.

For studies of human nature in a condition of expectancy no better subjects could be found than in the faces of the thousands who twice a day waited in front of Hagenbeck's Arena to see a man enter the cage of lions situated over the arched doorway, and then and there imperil his life in the performance of certain feats. At such times there was a blockade of the Midway, and passage either way was made impossible. In the illustration the artist has produced an impressive picture. The day was a hot one, as is shown by the raised umbrellas, and the crowd was massed from the doorway of the arena clear across to the front of the Japanese Bazaar. Such crowds were impervious to entreaties or threats, yet within three minutes from the end of the performance the mass was dissolved and people once more were able to move slowly on their way. At no other place on the Exposition grounds could such a sight be witnessed daily, and to see it was well worth a visit solely for that purpose.

Friends from Abroad.

If a Cairo street donkey could have spoken, and in the English language, he would probably have said, "I want to go home" Usually he certainly looked that want. Standing drowsily in the sunshine -a sunshine not so hot as beats upon the sands of Egypt— his eyes closed and hidden by his sunshade ears, his tail switching lazily to flip an obnoxious fly, jolted, punched, petted, whacked with a stick, jeered at, sneered at, despised, what wonder if his stupid brain was stirred by a longing for the real Cairo street and the society of other donkeys who had known him from his birth Perhaps the boy driver, who shades his face behind the erect but unemployed ear, has similar yearnings Perhaps the two are talking to each other and wishing for the happy day when, homeward bound, they impatiently wait for the first glimpse of a home that will be the more welcome for so long an absence.

The Water Carrier.

Plodding up and down the Midway, sometimes with other women but as often alone, came and went a stern-looking woman carrying on her head a water-jar. She belonged to the Bedouin encampment at the west end of the street, and her duty was to get pure drinking water. In dress, figure, face, action and burden she represented the water carrier of old—the woman who figures in the stories of the Bible and in the narratives of travelers in the East both of ancient and modern times. The woman looked strange in her modern framing of humanity, and had it not been for the variety of old world types which were around her, all like venerable jewels in a new fashioned brooch, she would have seemed an uncanny apparition from the wonderful past. But where there were so many strange reminders of old lands and old countries the passing of this woman aroused but little attention

Javanese Actresses.

If the little Javanese had been sugar-coated the omnivorous American public would have swallowed them alive, so strong was the liking for them. To be sure their acting aroused no enthusiasm because it was, to American eyes, lifeless and meaningless, and too snaky-like to be agreeable. There are shown in this illustration pictures of two of the players without masks and stage dress. It was a serious deprivation to the audiences that the plays upon the stage of the Java theater were all performed by hideously masked creatures, when, had the fashion of this country been adopted, we should have had pleasant brown faces in their place.

A Syrian Sheik and His Companion.

It was a difficult matter for the visitor to the different Midway encampments to decide at once whether he was at home or in a foreign land, and perhaps, nothing puzzled him more than the identities of the Turkish Village when he was called upon to answer as to the placing of its people. Those whose pictures are presented herewith are strong types of Oriental officials, but not easily placed by one unacquainted with Eastern life. The originals were the Sheik of a Sydenai village and his attendant. No finer specimens of Oriental manhood, at middle and old age, were present at the Exposition, and their peculiar dress indicated a rank superior to the ordinary inhabitant of the village.

"Ye Olde Tyme" Restaurant.

This was a favorite eating-place on the Midway. The pictorial reminiscence of the manager and her assistants will be heartily appreciated by exposition visitors. To be sure, our grandfathers knew nothing of restaurants; but they did know the old fashioned dishes of pork and beans, and roasts, and pies, and puddings that were well made because home made. And the ladies—well, if the food was not strictly old style the dresses were, and that made amends for a good deal. The old log cabin in which the meals were given looked very old in the congregation of queer structures that lined the street; but that too was old timed; so, with the ladies and the cabin combined, this type of the Midway was well maintained.

Swordsmen of the Midway.

It is a custom to speak sneeringly of "the slothful Turk" and thus decry his athletic abilities; still, those who witnessed the sword-play, by a troupe of performers on the Midway, must, in fairness, admit they were a wonderfully active, sinewy and skillful lot of men, as well as fine looking. It may have seemed easy, those fencing bouts with heavy swords, but the feints and thrusts and cuts were delivered with lightning-like rapidity, and countered and parried with shield or sword, the body all the while being in a state of continual motion. The group above, of which the famous "Far Away Moses" is the central figure, always drew an admiring and applauding crowd.

Mary of Bethlehem.

As strange a vision as any ever presented to modern eyes was the bringing upon what many termed the wickedest street of the wickedest city, a figure that was a type of the people of the Christland of nearly nineteen hundred years ago, a woman who presented a salient feature of the New Testament upon the threshold of a city which the wisest of prophets could not have foretold. This woman, whose likeness is above, came from Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Great Teacher. It is a strange coincidence that her name is Mary, and that her husband's name is Joseph. The little child in her arms was named Aabed (b-loved), and mother and babe were talked to and petted more than any other two people on the Midway, ladies, especially, stopping to fondle the cunning little human oddity from the Holy Land. Mary's costume represented that of the olden time as well as that of to-day, and she brought to the Exposition, for her baby's use, a cradle which in shape and accessories was but a reproduction of those in use when Christianity was born.

A GUARD AT ST. PETER'S.

The curiosity seeker who approached the model of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, was confronted by guards in uniform. The picture of one of these troopers is presented in the illustration above, and he was one of the picturesque features of the great thoroughfare. Of the Cathedral, it will be remembered as presenting a counterfeit of their famous monument to religion and as containing many designs in wood and marble of other temples scarcely less wonderful, of all of which these soldiers were in custody.

LOLOA AND FETOAI.

Wanderers along the Midmay almost always found instruction and pleasure in visiting the Samoans, who were types from the oldest race in the South Seas. The people on exhibition were made up from tribes from the Samoan, Fiji and Walles Islands. The huts or houses were constructed from the wood of the bread tree and thatched with leaves from the wild sugar cane. Part of one of these houses is shown in the background of the picture. The seated girl in the illustration was used as a model for a cast for the Columbian Art Institute.

SYRIAN WOMEN.

These were visitors from Sydenaia, in the Holy Land, and members of one of the Turkish colonies on the Midway. Their costumes were a subject of study, being diversified by high colors and bedecked with all sorts of jewelry. It will be noted that the fashion of going veiled is not as closely observed as in olden times and that while one woman has her face covered the other is entirely unveiled.

ALL THE ESQUIMAUX.

The earliest arrivals at the World's Exposition were the Esquimaux, who came when the winter's snow was still on the ground and the winds that blew had the tone and touch of the North Pole, and gave to them a genial welcome. There were nearly thirty of these peculiar people and in the great Fair grounds they built their village near the entrance to the State Buildings and there presented to the public their manner of life. The village contained all the paraphernalia of domestic and hunting pursuits—huts, dogs, boats, weapons, etc., etc., and in their secluded spot they gave their exhibitions of life as lived in "the Land of the Midnight Sun." The people were small but plump. The illustration shows the little ones.

ESQUIMAU MOTHER AND CHILD.

The World's Exposition was specially marked by the birth of an Esquimau child, to whom was given, in honor of the event, the name of Christopher Columbus. His picture, and that of his mother, is given above. They are excellent likenesses of the happy pair.

ESQUIMAU BOY AND GIRL.

MOHAMMED—THE GYPSY DANCER OF SYRIA.

Unquestionably the best dancer on the Midway was the man whose picture is presented above. Many who saw him insisted that the dancer was a woman. For agility in motion, and a spring of body and play of muscles he was incomparable. Mohammed was a representation of Eastern gypsies, people who make their living by dancing and fortune telling, and their training begins as soon as they can walk. Mohammed's costume was of silk, and, as may be seen, was fantastic to an extreme. He was a performer in the Turkish village.

TWO SISTERS.

Music of all kinds, and by people of all sorts of nationalities, enhanced the attractiveness of the Midway. One band in particular received volumes of praise for the excellence of its renditions. Two of the members of this troupe have their likenesses reproduced above. They are sisters—Misses Rosa and Helma—who, after six years of success in Europe, captured, by their singing and dancing, the ocean of people continually surging along the Midway.

A MEXICAN BEAU.

There were so few types of the near-to yet seemingly far-away nation of Mexico that the appearance of one of its people in public was sure to attract universal attention. The finery of their attire, plentifully decorated with silver; the shape of their hats and the loud colors displayed made them an object of envy to some and of wonder to all—especially the children. The original of our picture was a member of the Mexican Band.

AN ALGERIAN DANCER.

The dancing girls of the theaters on the Midway always attracted large crowds. One of the finest displays of the terpsichorean art was in the Algerian theater, where the above artist was an eminent type of her race. While the most of the Algerians were dark colored, the men especially, this woman was white. Her dancing was of the kind performed by most of the Orientals, and included the *danse-du-ventre*.

JAVANESE GUARDS.

The Javanese are such a mild, inoffensive sort of people as to make it a matter of surprise that they require protection from each other. However they imitate other countries, but in their police, or watchmen, show a style of guardianship that would not last ten minutes in our wicked towns. During the Exposition these sturdy policemen had comparatively little to do but look bold and wise.

A GROUP OF DAHOMEYANS.

If you were on the Midway and heard wild thumping of a drum and harsh shouting, and a parting of the people right and left, you were sure to see a large white man borne on a palanquin by half-dressed negroes, who went by on a sort of canter. These were a detachment from the Dahomeyan village, carrying their master. They were representatives from the colony from its home in South Africa. Though they were not handsome, people flocked into the village and witnessed the rites and ceremonies of the villagers. Though they were representatives of Cannibal tribes they restrained their appetites for human flesh while at the Exposition. There were sixty men and forty women in the village.

TWO DERVISHES.

In Oriental lands, stories and histories, the dervish is a prominent and picturesque character. His introduction to the western world people was educational from both a Biblical and political point of view. The types at the Exposition were true ones of their calling. The dervishes of to-day are really Moslem monks. At home their life is one of contentment. Their time is passed in going about soliciting alms and giving blessings in return, and the people accept their presence as a part of their religion. Their dress is generally made of sheep skins, such as we are told were worn by John the Baptist.

FATIMA—AN ORIENTAL TYPE OF BEAUTY.

Those who considered themselves good judges of beauty in women found their way to the building where were congregated those who posed in the International Congress of beauties. Opinions were exceedingly diverse as to superiority. The admiration given to Fatima was not an undeserved award.

A BEAUTY FROM SWEDEN.

Among the more than two score of beauties in the Congress of Beauties, Sweden certainly held an enviable place in the person whose picture is given above, face, form and costume being considered.

A SCOTTISH LASS.

Scotland is favored, the world over, for producing handsome girls; and no error of judgment was made when the original of the picture given, was selected as that country's contribution to the Beauty Congress.

A CANDIDATE FROM GREECE.

The contest for superiority among those who gathered to represent more than Forty Nations in the Congress of Beauty was one of patience as well as merit. Greece was not in the shadow in this competition, as is demonstrated by the likeness of the lady who maintained the claims of that nation.

KHURDS.

These people were from Mt. Lebanon. They came as representatives of the producers of that region, their object being to investigate the silk worm culture at the Exposition. They were a quiet, thoughtful race, and made a thorough study of the exhibits. Their dress is picturesque, being red with white stripes, with turbans of the same colors. They have no pockets but, as will be seen in the central figure, have two pouches, in which are carried all the varieties which are deposited in the pockets of the Western man's dress.

Pleasant Smiles in "Old Vienna" Street.

Here is a picture that recalls with force a scene in dear "Old Vienna" street. Looking, one listens to hear the thirsty fly buzzing against the window panes, to catch the breaking of the budded laugh on the faces of the happy trio, and to see the glasses raised to lips that are dry with expectation. In years to come, when the great Exposition becomes only the memory of a dream, these happy three will still be smiling upon a new generation, who will regret that they were not alive and at the World's Fair of 1893. A more perfect scene to typify the serenity that prevailed in this popular resort could not be given.

Boushareens.

Once in a while a type of the African is presented to the white race and is counted as handsome. The Boushareens were generally so regarded. They were attached to the Street of Cairo and were nine in number. The warriors were stalwart and fine looking fellows. They were from a tribe ranging between the first and second cataracts of the Nile, near Assuan.

Cleopatra's Needle.

Few people gave any study to this copy of one of the most famous monuments of the world. The shaft was reared a little aside from the great avenue and within the lines of the Turkish village. Its hieroglyphics had neither meaning nor interest to the restless pedestrian. Even the history of the original monuments, as well as the memory of the scandal created by Cleopatra, were unknown to or forgotten by most of the people who stopped to contemplate the "needle." The "ot! ot!" man in the booth on the left attracted more attention. There is such a long time (3,500 years) between Thotmes III, who built the original, and the great Exposition of 1893, which environed a copy, that it is no wonder that its history is forgotten.

A Harem Belle.

Turkey inundated the Midway and its tributaries with examples of its Orientalism. Most of the women who could be seen were not pictures of loveliness, and it is not to be wondered at that they traversed the streets with their faces veiled. One young lady, with an American-like spirit, had her picture taken just as she was, and the result is certainly creditable to her taste and the facts.

Bedouins Preparing Their Coffee.

The Wild East show was worth a good deal of study, but did not get it. No one seemed to care much for the habits and customs of the wild Arabs cooped up in their quarters. The illustration given exhibits their manner of preparing coffee—the grinding and way of cooking it. No more perfect types of the wild people of the desert can be found than those whose portraits are given. Visitors to the camp, while the favorite beverage was being prepared, were usually given a hearty invitation to test its excellence, and to be satisfied that the bean came from Arabia and not Chicago.

The Irishman's Mecca.

A magnificent view is given of the Irishman's delight at the Exposition—the Irish Village, of which Lady Aberdeen was patron. The fine gateway with all its embellishments is faithfully reproduced. Within were to be found all the perplexing varieties of a people whose existence arouses the sympathies and the mirth of a watching world. There were lads and lassies fresh as the imported sods that came with them from Erin. There were thrushes that were Irish to their backbone, and gave out only national warblings. Irish bagpipes squeezed out rousing Irish tunes. Irish goods went for the Irishman's money, and many a "fine ould Irish gintleman" met his like from lake, city and country. In one day an ex-president of the United States, a governor and a mayor were added to the list of distinguished visitors. The Village was full of busy industries, and every evidence was produced to show the natural industry of the Irish people.

Dressed by Worth.

The picture presented purports to be a woman bearing upon her form the impressive handiwork of that marvelous costumer, Worth, of Paris. Doubtless the lady who wore this costume (she was in the Congress of Beauty) was the "observed of all observers," for she is a peculiar woman who can resist the fascination of the perfect dress, and depart from a crowd ignorant of the existence of the best dressed person in it. In a case like the one tendered the mode must have suffered by comparison, and been a sitting, if not a lay figure for the consideration of the multitude.'

Two Ways of Getting Along.

The effete and the effectual in transportation were for a short time rivals on the Midway. It was Yankee against Turk—the roller chair against the Sedan vehicle, and the former won. The picture shows the laboring Ottoman staggering heavily along, while the agile pusher has time and opportunity to talk love or politics as the rider may desire. The Sedan bearer sweat and swore, summoning Allah a hundred times a day to hear his complaints. The roller man was as airy as a belle and as learned as Solomon. The Sedan men soon became tired and disappeared. The roller men waited until the last day and then wheeled each other about. The Turk was no match for the Yankee.

The Princess' Glass Dress.

This picture is not from life. The figure is of wax. Upon it was draped that marvel of ingenious and delicate workmanship, the glass dress, spun for and presented to the Princess Eulalia of Spain by a glass making concern on the Midway. The fame of this garment went abroad throughout the land, and tens of thousands of Fair visitors would have lived forever unhappy thereafter had they missed a glimpse of this wonderful creation. Whether the Princess wore it once, and then, as the fashion used to be, gave it to one of her maids, is not recorded.

Waiting for the Bride.

The wedding procession along the Street of Cairo was really the most impressive when the bride's camel came along and poked his way through the crowd, jingling bells and baubles with each swaying of his body. Both bride and camel were used to the ceremony, because they performed it several times a day, and its novelty was worn off. But to the public the display was like a scene from a play, and many, though ineffectual, attempts were made to look into the tent on the animal's back to discover what the bride wore, and the color of her blush. The artist has caught the ungainly "ship of the desert" while it was anchored in front of the fair one's home.

A Wales Beauty.

She was at the Exposition, on the Midway, and one of its attractions—as jaunty and as defiant a bit of womanhood as could be found

A Jolly Lot.

If there was anybody on the Midway naturally constituted and nationally educated to enjoy the Fair in every important feature, it was the musician attached to the bands of the German Village. There were two of these bodies, the cavalry band of twenty-four pieces, representing the Imperial Body Guard, and the infantry band of forty-eight pieces.

The Emperor would not permit the coming to Chicago of two bands in active service, but allowed the number mentioned to be selected from fifteen hundred picked musicians of the army. Veterans in war and in music, inured to hardships and ready for fun, the men lived a jolly life in the German Village. The picture of their Midway home shows it. The faces, from balcony to basement, are swollen with that good humor so characteristic of the German at peace with the world and himself, and so infectious, even in this picture, as to make one smile at the sight of it.

A Beauty from Japan.

Everybody wanted to know, and knowing liked the Japs They were so quiet, and so polite, and so good-natured as to win an immense amount of approbation Even the "lone, lorn woman" who posed in the Beauty Show won the hearts of visitors by her quiet, pleasant way of receiving the stares and comments of the curious, and too often brutal, thousands who visited that abode of rivals

Cadets on the Midway.

The Midway had a pretty sight when, to drum-beat, bugle-call and the strains of a brass band, the Cadet Corps of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake went down the avenue like a huge ribbon of gray and white, one dreamy June afternoon. There were 140 of the boys moving like one piece of machinery in response to the commands of their officers; and the world's people, from Bedouin to the most eastward Columbian guard on the lake front, gave them a rousing send off. The display was so excellent in all its points that even the West Point Cadets who came a short time afterwards, found it no easy matter to approach the perfection of their maneuvers.

In the Java Village.

Nobody seemed to become weary of watching the little brown-skinned people from Java. Their tiny thatched huts were at all times subjects of study as problems of light housekeeping, but, unfortunately, this study was limited to exterior inspection, to verandas, front yards, and basements. The inhabitants of the village were so petted that it was a wonder they retained any good nature. Perhaps it was their ignorance of the American language that kept the public from knowing exactly what they thought of matters. The picture above displays people and houses so that anyone who may have been a visitor can readily recall in mind many incidents connected with this interesting colony from the island whose caller we are supposed to buy, and whose endurance of the Chicago public and Chicago weather was one of the triumphs of the Exposition.

The Home of the Beauties.

At the beginning of the east end of the Midway was a great, square, white building, where was held an exhibition Congress of Beauties, selected by the managers from the nations of the world. There were over forty of them, each wearing the national costume of the country they represented. All were not beauties; but a large proportion were pretty, and they performed their tiresome task with a good deal of patience. The illustration given is an excellent picture, taken from a northwest position, and shows the magnificent dome of the Administration building in the distance. A fine attraction in connection with this display was the handsome, kilted Highlander who blew his bagpipe at the entrance of the building, and was a star of the first magnitude for the ladies.

From Ireland.

Tom Moore brought out very praiseful melodies in behalf of Erin's beautiful women. The Midway presented verifications of his excellent judgment. Readers of "Midway Types," with the above picture before them, will find it an easy matter to render a verdict as to whether the subject is or is not a beauty. She was a representative in the Congress of Beauty.

A Boushareen Warrior.

The men of this tribe, only four or five of whom were at the Exposition, were magnificent specimens of the African race. The face in the picture shows intelligence. The physique of these people was splendid, and indicated all the points of endurance attributed to our Indians. These tribemen are fierce, cruel, cunning, brave after their fashion, and are enemies it would be wise not to despise. They held themselves apart from other people, and they and their women were always looked upon with admiring eyes by all who chanced to meet them on Cairo Street.

The Javanese Fiddler.

There was only one fiddle in the orchestra of the Java theater (an orchestra of twenty-four pieces) and that fiddle was under the exclusive management of the leader, whose picture and that of his pet are presented above. The rest of this unique band labored on gongs of various sizes and on metal and wood exonophones with one exception, that of the man who blew upon a bamboo pipe and produced flute-like notes. The music rendered by these people was weird and mournful and wailed in one's ears long after the performance had ended.

A Tyrolese Beauty.

The young ladies at the Beauty Show did not have as fair a chance to display their charms as has been given them by their picture-makers. They were penned up like poultry; the air was hot and the quarters stuffy. The maiden from under Tyrolese skies wilted and was only revived by the sight of a camera pointed at her. Then she became alert, pretty and saucy in attitude.

AN ADONIS FROM THE NILE.—If the original of this portrait could only be prevailed upon to follow the stage and abandon the desert for a living, there would be provided a rival for Salvini, and one of the most magnificent Othellos the heart of woman could desire. The face of the figure is a study and only needs a smile or a scowl to make him handsome or fiendish. His garment will please the heart of the most exacting dress reformer of the day, laying in easy, graceful folds, with apparently neither beginning or end, and adding stateliness to a pose of natural defiance. Yet this dusky figure that gave to Cairo Street an exclamation point in Nubian flesh and blood was only a Boushareen warrior, with the glint in his eye of Egyptian suns, and in his ears the song of the cataracts of the Nile.

THE DRUMMER OF THE STREET.—One recipe for the music of Cairo Street was a Nubian in fatigue dress, with sticks in his hands, two half globes of brass covered with skin, and a camel gaily comparisoned. Put them in motion and take a dose every hour. The dust of Mozart, Beethoven *et al.* would be stirred into molecular action by the din; but to the Exposition crowds it was the Highland cry of "The camels are coming" with a change of tune. It was the kind of music that kept the English and the French awake many a night on the banks of the Nile, and has been the rataplan beaten for hundreds of centuries around syhynx and pyramids, over the blistering sands of Sahara, until, wonderful to relate, the drum beats were echoed and re-echoed by the white walls of the Exposition. Camel, drum and drivers have vanished; nothing remains but the memories to be brought out by the illustration.

THE RETURN FROM MECCA.—There was one procession on Cairo Street that people did not seem to notice particularly, or, if they did notice it, did not understand. This was the parade called "The Return from Mecca," and is shown in the above illustration wherein every figure is delineated with astonishing clearness and fidelity. Old Cairo has two great annual festivals: the Departure to, and the Return from Mecca of the pilgrims. Every true believer in the Prophet feels that it is his duty to make the pilgrimage at least once during his life. The return is the occasion of much rejoicing, as, of the thousands who go, many fail to come back.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.—There is a look about the face of this dancer in the theatre that will puzzle the physiognomist. Form and feature are manlike, but there is a womanish expression in the eyes and around the mouth. It is as much of a revelation of sex as one has a right to expect from an Egyptian actress, with whom vivacity would be a penalty for living, and energy the precursor of extinction. Solaced by her narghileh, this type of the modern dancing woman from an ancient city cared but little for the judgment of her audience, and left the Exposition with a feeling of contempt for people who wanted fire and not cinders.

CAIRO STREET, LOOKING EAST.—Looking down Cairo Street from the West end, one saw a bewildering complication of objects in the fantastically decorated and shaped buildings, and in the motley dressed throngs of its inhabitants and visitors. In the distance the eye catches the shadows of the Egyptian Cafe, where were sold lager beer and peanuts, and where a lonesome Egyptian girl wandered about selling flowers. The minaret of the mosque of Abou Bake Mazhar, from whose heights the muezzin called the faithful to prayer, rises to the right like a dainty carving on the sky. The street, which was a combination of the peculiarities of various streets of old Cairo, and not a reproduction of any one in particular, was honeycombed on its sides with over fifty shops, none of them over six feet square, in which were displayed the work of the quaint artisans of Egypt. From the window of the ticket seller to the front door of the Temple of Luxor was a varied succession, a laughable jumble of the sublime and the ridiculous.

THE EGYPTIAN MUSICIAN.—One versed in Egyptian history can readily comprehend why the faces of its women wear such a sombre, gloomy look. Intellectually they are ciphers in the mathematics of a civilization that, born in Egypt, has indented the world with material evidences of its power. Socially, they have a place with their beasts of burden and are slaves to men as ignorant as the women. Their religion has been of a gloomy character from the time Egypt's history began to be written, and their music is like their religion. The sound maker in this Luxor temple, beating her drum into weird music, had the imperturbable face of the Sphynx. If her dreamy eyes grew bright under any hidden fire it was from fever of homesickness which parched the lives of all these women from the Nile.

"NICE BUM-BUM CANDY."—"Here's your goody Bum-Bum Candy! nice Bum-Bum Candy!" was an appeal that touched the pockets of thousands of wanderers along Cairo Street. You have the picture above, of the tiny shop crowded to overflow by the three figures, and the goods it contained. The signs above and on the sides declared the identity of the material. When, however, the lips closed hungrily upon the purchase, the buyer was astonished to find that his bite was upon sugared wind, that the air was misty with a fine dust, and the clothing was white with the sugary powder. These trials of taste were generally watched by groups of amusement lovers whose loud smiles were the penalties endured by the venturesome taster of Egyptian confectionery.

THE WATER CARRIERS.—The story goes that the ordinary Nile man washes his face, hands and feet in the same water, and then will drink it if the water carrier fails to put in an appearance. In view of the fact that there are neither water works nor sewers in the Nile Cairo, the story would not be improbable if one could avoid the prevalent disbelief of the people in the necessity of washing at all. However, there were samples of these water carriers in the Street of Cairo, as is shown by the exquisite illustration above, which also reveals a little of the beautiful ornamentation in and around one of the windows. The dress, attitudes and expression of face of the two figures are worth more than a superficial consideration.

A DANCER, CAIRO STREET.—There were dancers and dancers on the Street. At times it was perplexing to select from the daily exhibition which was the most attractive. This girl was a butterfly sort of a creature, now here, now there; with a procession back from Mecca one hour, and in ten minutes going with the bride on a brief honeymoon trip to the other end of Cairo Street. She would chat with Mohomet, the camel driver, pinch a donkey boy's ear, and instruct the Bum-Bum man about moistening his candy, all in the twinkling of an eye. Her general utility and genial omnipresence made one doubt whether she was a genuine bud from the land of the palm and the lotus.

INTERIOR OF THE EGYPTIAN THEATRE.—When the story got abroad that the Cairo Street theatre was a very wicked place, then everybody wanted to see it; the clergymen, that they might secure live coals for their texts; women to study wickedness; old men for the fun of the thing; and boys, that they might be up to the times. Thousands of other people looked at the spot through smoked glasses. But really it was not so very bad, considering that everything about it had the flavor of Egypt. The illustration is an admirable one, and the only one now obtainable in this country. The room was high, the draperies of rich goods, the furnishings, otherwise, unique. The stage was semicircular, with rooms at each end. The dancing was slow: the style, that which has lately become fashionable in Paris and New York. The dancers were from the Nile; the music, echoes from mistland, and the products of this combination made the resort fashionable.

HIGH UP AND HAPPY.—No one had a better right to be proud, and to diffuse a benignant smile, than the women who were able to perch themselves on the back of a camel. The ladies above knew it, and a look of intense satisfaction irradiated their faces as they contemplated the muzzle of a kodak. The camel recognized the victory and allowed the man and boy to hold down his head in honor of the occasion. To get where they were was a terrible ordeal for the riders, for there was always a knot of people waiting for the fun. The trouble was not in the sitting down but in the getting up. The animal was on his knees. At a signal the front legs were straightened out and the riders believed they were being shot over the camel's tail; but before their minds were made up the hind legs became perpendicular and the beast's cargo went flying toward the sinuous neck, greatly to the disorder of drapery and nerves. The women shrieked, the crowd shouted and the camel winked his eyes, waved his tail and stalked away. Such a jaunt was honey for lovers, but gall and wormwood for prudes and fat people.

A COBBLER FROM THE NILE.—Amenoph III. who lived and died about 4,400 years ago, and left, as a reminder of his existence, the Temple of Luxor, would have laughed heartily, no doubt, could he have walked Cairo Street and seen a descendant of his nation stolidly cobbling old shoes and selling new ones on a Chicago avenue. The good natured shifting crowds laughed for the king unknowingly, and the cobbler plied his trade regardless of jeers and remote ancestors. Men and women came to him in the long months of exile; for the Egyptian was an Egyptian from head to foot until the time for home-going came, and then, reformed, he donned tiles and patent-leathers, with the most fashionable toggery between, and went back to Cairo, the old, to startle and to charm the houris and the donkey-boys of his native town on the Nile.

AN EGYPTIAN BARBER SHOP.—The American waiting to be shaved would have to summon all his resolution and powers of endurance in order to enter the Egyptian barber shop. Look at the paraphernalia in the picture and study the tonsorial atrocities of the shop. The victim is not about to be decapitated nor are the figures on the right and left musicians softening with angelic music the dying agonies of the man on the bench. The one is enjoying a pipe and the other a glass. At the door of this tiny shop men stood soliciting trade. There was no shout of "next." The valiant customer was caught and placed upon the narrow counter that answered for a chair. Then followed a few dabs of lather on the face; a skillful hand wielded a curious looking razor and with a few turns of the wrist turned out a cleanly shaven face.

BORN TO DRUDGERY.—It goes without saying that in Egypt even now nearly all women are slaves. The time was not many years ago when Cairo was the great and famous slave market of the world for women; a market where white and black, the homely and the beautiful of woman-kind were trafficked in as we to-day sell cattle at the stock yards. Happily for our brutes they are slaughtered; for the women of Egypt were given only a degradation and hopeless bondage. The type above is a fellah woman. The social and intellectual conditions of this class have undergone scarcely any change during centuries of misrule. If they are no longer subjects to the hazards of the highest bidder, they are still the sad, living symbols of a system of drudgery older than the Pyramids.

THE WEDDING PROCESSION.—The wedding procession *a la caravan* was the daily sensation of Cairo Street. Crowds lined the pathway so solidly that the audience became like walls of pressed dates, but lacking their sweetness. A huge Nubian on a camel and pounding vigorously a round-bottomed metal drum; runners shouting and turning somersaults; swordsmen who cut the air into thin slices; wrestlers who smashed the pavements with each other's bodies; priests singing doleful ditties; dancing girls with whom not even the bald-headed men fell in love; and, finally the bride, comfortably under shelter in the canvas tent on the camel's back, all combined to form as motley a procession as ever was seen outside of the real Cairo Street. The entire display was, however, a portrayal of the way in which the Cairene girl is transplanted from maidenhood into matrimony.

A GROUP OF SOUDANESE.—These people were from a region in Egypt that has become very obnoxious to Great Britain by reason of the fierce antagonism of its inhabitants; while, at the same time, the insatiable Briton wants to carve up the black man's real estate. There is no doubt as to the savage bravery of the Soudanese. The picture shows men and women, their costumes and their musical instruments, all of which are worthy of close study. In the foreground was a cunning little shaver in royal robes, whose chief attraction, beyond his color and size, was his ability to dance his way into the hearts of the public; for a picaninny is a favorite whether from the Africa of South Carolina or that of the coast of Guinea.

A CURIOUS CONTRAST.—In all the territory covered by the huge Exposition of 1893 there could be formed no contrast more curious or more grotesque than that in this illustration of a bit of ground on the Street of Cairo. One is presented with a view of the doorway and a little of the front of the copy of the temple of Luxor, built 4,400 years ago by Amenoph III. Imitation hieroglyphics adorn the walls; a sphynx and a statue stolidly watch the unquiet street; and on the shoulders of smiling nineteenth century bearers rests a symbol of an obsolete religion. The contrast is presented in the placard over the door, by the fifty cent chair at the entrance, and by the ticket seller at the ticket window, who calmly takes your ten cents and flips out a ticket to enable you to see royal mummies and sacred tombs, while dancers from the Nile move cumbrously to sacred music evoked from the oddest of instruments. All in all, it was a new showing of old age and youth hitched together by Exposition clamps.

THE RUNNERS.—Cairo Street, compared with the rest of the Exposition thoroughfares, was but a span in length; yet that span combined representations of the industries and diversions of a dozen streets of the mother city on the Nile. Already the "Midway Types" has given the pictures of scores of incongruous peoples and occupations, from donkey boy up to "far away Moses." The plate above adds to the list of portraits the two runners, who in the wedding ceremony preceded the cavalcade and with their wands opened a way through the crowds, as is the custom in the country from which they came. They displayed a good deal of alertness in using their legs and their sticks. A corps of city policemen could not have done the work any better.

A GROUP OF NATIVES.—Here we have them in a lump—Cairo Street types caught by a sun-flash—magnate and subordinates, camel driver, donkeys, donkey drivers and the elusive urchins who were adding American tricks to their native ingenuity in passing the plate for contributions. Looking at this group and its background of shops below, and latticed windows above, it will require a harsh reality to convince you that they were on Chicago earth, and that you are not contemplating an Oriental scene on an Oriental street. No magician in Arabic legend produced a vision so wonderful for its seeming improbability as was done by the hand of the realist who put the people of this group on the sandy beach of Lake Michigan.

A DANCER IN STREET COSTUME.—Dame Fashion, as the New World knows her, was not of much account in the Exposition Cairo, because this ideal woman of Destiny is always changing the cut of her clothes, while the woman from the Nile dons the same sort of drapery, only a little more of it, perhaps, as that which Cleopatra wore more than a thousand years ago. In her visiting dress the Egyptian dancer scarcely hid the costume of her calling—the gaudy gown and the tinsel and spangles and barbaric trappings which so eloquently appeal to the eyes of the oriental. These women have ordinarily not much to live for and certainly less to die for; but the coming to the great Exposition, while not exactly a journey to Mecca, was yet for them a pilgrimage to a world more full of wonders than any contained in the Arabian Nights stories.

AN OLDEN TIME QUARTETTE.—The Midway furnished captivating pictures of the enjoyments of a century ago when pretty women were without conventions and congresses and forced to discuss, over a cup of tea, their schemes for regenerating the world or supplying the minister with wood and clothing for the winter. In the log cabin where pork and beans, doughnuts and tea, flap-jacks and molasses were the angularities of the bill-of-fare the originals of the "Olden time" quartette reproduced the forgotten in food and raiment, and made many a visitor long for the return of the days when the adulterations of the life of to-day were among the crimes not docketed against society.

MIDWAY FRUIT VENDERS.—A more truthful picture than the above of the nonchalance of the oriental peddler could not be presented. A happy laziness is portrayed in the position and faces of the group. There is no indication of that pertinacity which in the Americanized Turk becomes pugnacious. They wait, and dream while waiting. Question them and they will demand five times the price they will eventually accept. A Chicago fruit-stand merchant would dispose of a car load of goods while any one of these men was selling an orange. Still, they extracted so much delight from their lazy way of doing business that it would be cruel to compel them to "hustle for a living." They always had the satisfaction of knowing that if they did not sell their merchandise they could eat it.

WAITING FOR THE PRINCESS.—The not very popular sedan-chair carriers put a feather in their caps when their vehicles unexpectedly received the patronage of Princess Eulalia and her attendants. It was on a rainy day and the Princess desired to pass from the German to the Austrian Village and chose a chair rather than endure the bother of getting into and out of her carriage in order to make the short trip. In this illustration the chair is seen in waiting in front of the German gateway, of which an excellent representation is given. Had the world become cognizant of this freak of royalty the sullen chair bearers would have been quickly overloaded with what Thackeray called "snobs," and the rickety old chairs would have been whittled to skeletons by relic cranks.

LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—When the Esquimaux packed up their worldly goods, they baled up also one of the famous incidents of the Exposition, in the shape of the first child born on the Fair Grounds, Christopher Columbus, who discovered the world just as millions of other babies have discovered it, though not under such astonishing auspices. It will be noted that he is a bright looking child, with enough intelligence in his face to justify the donation of his name and the prophecy that, years hence, the Speaker of the House of Representatives may announce that "The gentleman from the North Pole, Mr. Columbus, has the floor."

A JOLLY TURK.—Of the many thousands who patronized the Turkish Village during the Fair, and watched its curious people, with their ways of shouting, when trying to sell their knick-knacks, there are many who will remember the likeness given above of one of its dealers, who became quite famous during his stay, as a clever little salesman and pleasant entertainer to all who had dealings with him. He had a perpetual smile and pleasant sayings in his broken English for all; and the words "Here Lady! nice and pretty, from Syria," may still ring in the ears of many who passed his little shop in the bazaar. A smiling Turk was an object not to be forgotten when so many of them wore sober faces.

THE JAVA THEATRE.—Those who were fortunate enough to enter the Javanese Theatre and watch a section of a Buddhist drama will never forget the scenery, the music, nor the acting. The interior of the structure was of bamboo in all sorts of shapes. The scenery was in the rear of the stage, presented mountains and streams of a purple color, and was not an unpleasant picture to contemplate. The "gamelang" or orchestra of twenty-four pieces occupied a stair sort of platform. The jackets of the members were red. Gongs of various metals, metal and wooden exonophones, a pipe and a queer looking violin, all grotesquely ornamented, produced monotonous sounds. The actors or actresses were creepy sort of creatures, as sinuous as snakes and as flexible as whalebone. Their faces were covered by masks held in place by strings and the teeth. Had they opened their mouths to speak the masks would have fallen. Their costumes were of rich silk and exquisite embroideries. The talking was done by a man behind the screen on the front of the stage. The figures on the right and left of the stage are of wood and their arms are worked by a concealed performer who simulates the motions of the real actors. In Java the women dancers were seen only by the Sultan and his guests; the marionettes are for public gaze. For these varieties of human form and representation the Sultan is to be thanked.

SOME ARCTIC VISITORS.—The Lapland Village made one think of Santa Claus. There was the storied reindeer, the jolly old king in furs, the sledge; everything except the Christmas presents. The ruler of this dominion, like King Cole, "was a jolly o'd soul" and flavored his daily life with the sharpest of drinks, much to the detriment of the White Ribbon Cause. The village itself was a presentation of Lapland life which, at its best, is not a very cheerful one. The houses, their interiors, and the daily routine of arctic living, excepting the seal, walrus and whale fishing, afforded a source of knowledge of people whom few tourists care to visit and those only who are on a trip to the North Pole.

THE ROUMANIAN QUARTETTE.—There was an allurement for the masses in the music of the Midway. All outcries were, in one sense, music, from the savage chant of the Dahomeyans to the ringing, rousing music of the bands of the German and Austrian Villages. There was plenty of singing in the places of amusement, but out of all of them probably as good, if not the best, was the music given by the Royal Roumanian Quartette, pictures of whose members are given. These people were in the Moorish Palace, and their voices, harmoniously blended, at once hushed the noisy crowd within the building. The company was made up of trained singers who had appeared in all the principal cities of Europe, but to whom America was a new, fresh page in the history of their conquests.

AN ALPS SINGER.—Sometimes, at the Swiss Alps Panorama, a trio of people would come out upon the landing at the head of the steps and sing. Their harmonies hushed the noise of the crowd. They gave the clear, ringing music of the Alps. Again a man would appear with a horn ten or twelve feet in length. Blowing into that tube he surprised the air of Chicago with the twistings he gave to it. But inside of the building was the chorus. You looked at the painting and, while overwhelmed with the grandeur of the apparition, the rounded space was suddenly filled with vocal music—the songs of the Swiss mountaineers—with notes that surcharged the air with melody, and held the listener spell-bound. The illustration is the picture of one of the singers, one who secured the merited applause of thousands.

A SIP OF TEA FROM JOHORE.—The person who believed that China was the only country that furnished the world with genuine tea had his or her mind relieved of ignorance in the tea booth of the Johore Village. Native attendants served the original herb in the daintiest of cups. This tea, it was so asserted, came from the private gardens of the Sultan, Abubaker, and, if such were the truth, had a flavor of royalty. The tea booth was constructed of native woods, thatched with attap, and built high above ground, imitating such structures in Johore proper, where snakes, tigers and white ants seriously disturb the restful condition of the people, and especially of the old ladies, who dote upon "afternoon teas." These ferocious obstacles to repose were absent from the Exposition, and Johore tea drinkers found nothing more formidable than the sociable fly.

BLACK CONTINENTALS IN THEIR SCARCE REGIMENTALS.—Now that the Dahomey Village is far away it may be remarked with safety that its inhabitants were just the sort of people the managers of the Exposition did not banquet or surfeit with receptions. The group pictured shows a regretful absence of tailor-made clothes, and a leaning toward a plethora of black skins. In the occasional parades these gentle reminders of Africa never allowed themselves to be overlooked. Their Amazons, feather decked and sword girded, bearing the scars of hasty carvings, and savage as tigresses, were the belles of the occasion. None of them seemed to know the meaning of fear. Once when a fire broke out in the village a few of the people trampled upon the flames with their bare feet and others tore at the burning shingles with their teeth. There were sixty men and forty women in the village and they amused the public by giving war dances, songs and specimens of savage amusements that made our native Indian seem "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The front of the village of these people was made of wood brought from Dahomeyan forests, and kept the inhabitants from ambushing stray Columbian guards.

THE GOOD LION.—One of the delightful spectacles at Hagenback's was the horseback ride of the lion. Children in the audience went wild over this exhibit and were easily convinced that "Daniel in the lions' den" was not much of a fable. While loud applause favored this performance of the king of beasts, but little of it was intended for the fearless horse to whom this royal burden was like the transportation of Death. To add to the interest of the picture is given a likeness of one of the dogs who gamboled in the ring and to whom lions, tigers and leopards were of no more consequence than a vagrant cur in a strange city. The good lion and the good dog had no trouble in lying down and getting up together and astonishing the world with their amity.

STRAYED FROM THE LAGOONS.—Venice came upon the Midway frequently in the person of the gondolier, from the lagoons of the main grounds. He was not as picturesque in garments as poets have portrayed him; but he was from Venice, an origin that excused a multitude of omissions. On the Midway he was a plain landsman with the lurching walk of the professional boatman, carrying into that hot thoroughfare ravelings of the cool breezes from Lake Michigan. In his picture he is presented clothed in the trappings and insignia of his ancient and honorable calling. On the winding waterways of the Exposition proper he was studied daily by thousands of people and regarded as having attained the height of semi-maritime bliss. To the Midwayan he was, simply, "one of us."

TWO LITTLE MUSICIANS.—For young folks the originals of these pictures had seen a great deal of the world. They were fine musicians and displayed their talents in the troupe which performed in the Moorish Palace Cafe. Before coming to America these children had visited the capitals of most European countries, and were everywhere received with great enthusiasm. Their success was shown by the many decorations given them. The boy was an extraordinary skillful player upon the dulcimer. Music appears to make nomads of those who follow it as a profession, and this brother and sister had "starred" almost from the time they were weaned, and gleaned victories and diplomas at the late Paris Exposition that would have turned the heads of older and wiser people.

AN AMICABLE ENEMY.—It would require a volume as big as a Webster's Unabridged to faithfully record the doings of that wonderful animal tamer, Prof. Edward Darling. Here is a man not yet forty years of age, who seems to fear the most ferocious of beasts less than the mildest mannered of men. The patrons of Hagenback's watched this wizard's performances with their hearts in their mouths and their eyes bulging outwards in apprehension of a tragedy. They saw this man fearlessly enter an arena and compel lions, tigers, leopards and bears, to the music of whip crackings, go through a round of performances that would make the prophet Daniel ashamed of his little episode. Was he a confidential friend of the lion? That is answered by the picture. Did he command the rest of the brutes? Over 2,000,000 people saw it done during the Exposition. Prof. Darling's life, since his twenty-second year, has been passed in training animals, and he has visited a large portion of the globe. He was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1855. His gentleness of manner is one of the astonishing features of his career.

TURKS OF HIGH DEGREE.—In this picture we have the Turk as he has been drawn, in song and story, for hundreds of years—handsome, in gorgeously embellished raiment, every embroidered curve of which is a poem, and with his form weighted with sword, dagger and pistol. It is a long time from the Crusades to the Exposition; but the Turk has changed but little in those centuries. It is novel and decidedly picturesque—the layout of these Ottoman gentlemen—and it is not surprising that whenever they appeared in public they made a sensation. There were plenty of ordinary men from ordinary Turkey; but when Constantinople appeared at the front the extraordinary was paramount.

A SYRIAN BEAUTY.—Size and weight have much to do with people's ideas of beauty in women. The fat man inclines to the lean, and the lean man to the fat in womankind. This picture is that of a Syrian mother who captivated all the lean Turks along Constantinople Street, and was, notwithstanding her motherhood, the belle of that Oriental quarter. Pleasant featured, stout and jolly, she was as impressive a type of womankind as one could find from one end of the Midway to the other, and would have been, physically, a regal appearing matron for the finest house on any of the city avenues. Her nativity was rather against her social success at the Exposition, and she has returned to the obscurity of her Mount Lebanon home unhonored and unsung.

TYPES FROM MOUNT LEBANON.—These are not pictures of American Indians, as might be supposed at first glance, but sturdy peasants—mother, daughter and granddaughter—from the country at the foot of Mount Lebanon. Everybody and everything from the land of Christ had an effective influence upon the minds of most of the Midway visitors and these sour looking people were regarded as pleasant reminders of the Holy Land and studied as such representatives. Their costumes, with all the inartistic fineries of their class, are worth more than the study of a moment. These three Midway Types, rugged and uncouth as they seem, represented people whose ancestors helped to make sacred history and without whom the great Fair would have been deficient in essential rare-types.

A BOUT WITH STICKS.—A good deal of interest and amusement was always awakened when two of the acrobats preceding the caravan exhibited their skill in the use of the long sticks which they carried. Ordinarily these sticks were used in pushing the crowd aside so that the progress of the caravan might not be impeded; but at certain points, and as a part of the show, these men would attack each other and, for a few minutes, there was an exciting gymnastic display in the fencing with long poles. The contest may have appeared to the looker-on to be a very easy sort of match, but the close observer saw the display of a good deal of skill, strength, and alertness in the modes of attack and defence; and the unwary fighter often received a smart whack as a punishment for his carelessness.

A PROFESSIONAL SCALPER.—Toward the west end of the Midway was a little encampment of Sioux Indians. Foreigners must have been surprised when informed that among this band were men who had waged a bitter war against the United States, and who, unpunished, tented upon the most famous arena of peace the world had ever seen. History is not so old, nor memory so weak, as to permit the Custer Massacre in 1876 to be forgotten; yet Chief Rain-in-the-Face, whose picture is above, was a prominent actor in that massacre. His presence secured him an admiring audience, the recollection of his atrocities being no bar to that sentiment of adulation that transforms murderers into heroes.

MAKING KAVA.—The Samoan distillery, as portrayed above, was an unique affair requiring only the Kava roots and the water, the former being powdered and then mixed with the latter. An historian who was present at a Samoan game (chicken and pork) dinner declared the drink to be "quite pleasant, like Chicago river water when it has been well stirred," and adds that "if a beginner gets drunk on it once he can keep drunk on it for a week merely by drinking water during that period." It is a national beverage made from a national root, and may become fashionable in this country as soon as the material can be imported. The illustration is a fine one, showing a native hut with Mele peeping coquettishly out of the shadows. Loloa is seated, cross-legged, sorting the roots. Fetoai leans against the canoe on the left and burly Pasileo stands in front, like a statue, watching and guarding this crude factory of the Samoan jim-jams.

A SOLDIER OF MUSIC.—No one realized how musical was the air of the "windy city" until the German bands began to blow it, with martial vigor, through their brazen instruments, and made the Midway an orchestra of nations. Germany assorted its army bands and loaned the selections to the Exposition. Whoever heard those bands, or saw them march, or even caught a glimpse of an eagle-tipped helmet over the swaying mob, felt an exultant thrill, a new impulse in life. They were the medicine men of melody, exercising discords. The illustration is reminiscent. Once again reappeared the sturdy figure in white, with high boots, with sword and helmet, with a straightness and a stride that isolated him from the crowd and left him in base relief. Every move he made was a duodecimo volume of energy. He was a soldier of war and of music, from his firmly dropped heel to the beak of the eagle on his head. Mass two score of such men, each skilled in the tactics of war and of melody, and there is brought back for review those who made of the Midway a concert place and transformed the German Village into a miniature Germany.

A TYPICAL TURK.—Take the typical Turk of to-day and rub him down briskly with American ideas and American ways and the chances are the production of a lively specimen of human kind, something that will strike fire in the struggle for success. There is a sort of exasperating carelessness and indifference in the portrait given. His loose flowing robes and the look of gratification on his face are indications that the gentleman is pleased with the world in general, the Midway world in particular, and the world in the Turkish Village especially. It has not been necessary to bowstring a rival, sack and dump into the Bosphorus a beauty of the seraglio to produce the air of satisfaction which surrounds this gentleman from the Far East. No! Business was good, and none enjoyed it more restfully than Mr. Robt. Levy, the original of the portrait, and the concessionaire of the Turkish Department on the Midway.

AN EGYPTIAN INTERIOR.—The Egyptian is a voluptuary. His form, habits, and home show it. In this interior view of a little parlor in a building on Cairo Street, art gives a finish to the personal characteristics of the occupant. His tendencies are as readible as if the room were an open, printed book. The hangings are of rich materials and the colors strikingly strong. Gay colors are the binding threads in the life of an Oriental. The screen is rich in fine carving and dainty inlaying. The tables and stands show skillful handicraft. The most fragile and artistic of chinaware is like moulded air, yet it is handled as nimbly as if of ordinary porcelain. Each article is, in itself, painting and sculpture, and so the walls become barren of the triumphs of the easel. The chandelier, cumbrous in form and crude in design, intensifies by the light filtered through its rude glasses, the laziness of the life it illumines. The fadism of the day is to make this old and far away evidence of comfort, the standard of taste, omitting, however, the tateful symbol of the Turk in the door-way, a symbol that is in fact, the human hyphen that weds ancient voluptousness to modern energy.

A LOVELY GLIMPSE.—It is a hot day on the Midway, for nearly everybody is shaded by an umbrella; but the sun cannot shrivel up the beauty of outlook around the German Village. The pedestrian was not to be kept in the shade by the weather, and, as will be noticed, the Sedan chair men are on the move. The camera has caught a north-west view of the village. The entrance and exit gates are clearly shown. In the fore-ground are the buildings, full of tiny shops. Then a glimpse is given of the castle which contained a museum of the war trappings of people who fought hundreds of years ago—one of the most wonderful and interesting exhibits of the entire Exposition. Far away, as if carved out of smoke, rises the beautiful minaret of the mosque in Cairo Street. Roofs are everywhere, with the unveiled sun brightening and blistering each shingle and burning out the shadows. The picture was so beautiful, and yet so unlike reality, that many called the creation an enchanting vision. But in the village the songs sung, the music played, the words spoken, the libations drunk, all had the firm realism of physical life. The magic of it, to-day, lies in its non-existence.

A MEXICAN MUSICIAN.—Mexico is too much Spanish not to be truly sentimental in appearances. The land of Montezuma can never recover from its attack of Cortez, and the world has the Aztec in a Spanish cocoon. Mexicans were scarce on the Midway, though there ought to have been hundreds, considering what a benefactor the United States has been to their country. The few who did come were admired, especially the musicians. Vanity appeals to vanity, and the broad, gold trimmed sombrero, the serape of brilliant colors, the trousers, speckled from instep to hip with silver bullets, all embellishing a swarthy face with flashing eyes, made a figure that needed no music from his lips to excite the admiration of the women and the jealousy of the men. The Mexicans were marked men in a community composed of the representatives of unique peoples.

"FAR AWAY" MOSES AND HIS PETS.—"Mark Twain" ticketed "Far Away" Moses and hung him up in the world's curiosity shop. The venerable Israelite had no intention of being forgotten and so journeyed from Constantinople to the Midway and to the despotism of accidental favoritism. He was regarded by many as a little higher than Director-General Davis. "Far Away" Moses had a passion for seeing himself in something besides a looking glass, and was a great patron of the photographer. Possibly he had fifty different pictures taken of himself—likenesses that revealed him as a patriach in a Prince Albert suit, as a benevolent man in flowing robes, and as a man of peace hedged in by a band of jolly looking warriors. Perhaps it was a concession to public expectation that led him to appear wlth his pets, hoping to show by contrast, that he was not an antediluvian, but one of the most fascinating rovers that Constantinople ever produced,

DONEGAL CASTLE AND VILLAGE.—There were two Irish villages on the Midway. The one under the patronage of Lady Aberdeen has already been noticed in the Types. It contained a reproduction of Blarney Castle. The illustration above presents Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish Village and Donegal Castle, and was the exhibit of the Donegal Industrial Fund, an organization established for the purpose of developing cottage industries and hand work in Ireland, and educating the poor in manufactures that would lighten the burden of poverty. During the ten years of its existence the fund has received many medals for its philanthropic work and received five awards at the Paris Exposition. On the Midway the village was a point and centre of attraction. Celebrated living Irishmen met there to honor the memories of their famous countrymen who were dead. Throughout the village there were scores of busy workers laboring in the industries for the maintenance of which the fund was established. The historical and other exhibits were many, and of a kind dear to the Irishman's heart. The merits of the enterprise were recognized by liberal awards from the Exposition authorities.

A CHARMING VISTA.—This picture carries the visitor back to "old times," and out of the ruins of the Midway come back again the memories attending a stroll along the west end. Towering before you in thread-like lines is the great wheel that gave its millions of visitors the greatest of modern whirls. On the right is the stockade of the Dahomey Village, and beyond, in the distance, the charming village of "Old Vienna," among whose ruins the ghosts of happy days and nights now wander and shiver. On the left is the ostrich park in whose enclosure preached so glibly the man whose texts were shambling birds barren of song and beauty. And beyond, just as in the old-style geographies, is the bell-tipped spires of the Chinese theatre, bazaar and joss house. Beyond this line of buildings was the strange current of human life running in the oddest of ways through the arteries of the great Exposition. Those who saw this view will never forget it.

A BUSINESS WINDOW.—Food was more a matter of business than sentiment at the Exposition. Tens of thousands had to be fed every day and sometimes every hour. The stomach was the tyrant of the occasion and few, comparatively, brought home-made sandwiches. Thus it came about that even the hot sausage man and woman became philanthropists. They combined sentiment with the herbs of the minced meats by terming the product Vienna and selling in old Vienna village the toothsome combination. Nationalities were not limited to names in the matter of eating, and even an Italian would devote ten cents to an Austrian compound rather than travel in a famished condition. In their unique frame the "Types" has preserved for their customers' memories, as well as for the historians' reference, these two people of savory calling and patient waiting.

THE SAMOAN DRUM CORPS.—The Samoan had to have his music. He doted on Kava toddy, roast pig and chewing gum; but above these and all similar knick-knacks he adored the lullaby, the soothing serenade, the rolling war-cry of his drum. In older days, and within the century, many a jolly sailor and solemn missionary have heard such drum beats call them to be dined upon; but on the Midway the taps were for peace and a dividend of public revenue. If the music were not that of the Thomas orchestra regiment it had the merit of originality and required no copyright. In the picture there are three musicians, two of them ready to beat upon the skin covered piece of hollowed wood, and the third to pound a block of the solid material. The same band added zest to the stage performances of the troupe and kept its members awake to all the requirements of the entertainments. The drummers learned a thing or two at the Exposition and are qualified to thoroughly wake up the kingdom of Samoa with their reveilles.

FROM THE TURKISH CAFE.—This was not one of the prettiest of places of amusement on the great avenue, and yet was a rather interesting spot, where the visitor could see the typical Turk smoking his chibouk, apparently happy, dreaming of by-gone times and his far-away home. Often he was awakened by the cries of the hawker, of "pretty Turkish girls! here! here! up-stairs! buy tickets, 25 cents; up this way!" etc., etc. It was thus he was reminded he was in Chicago at the great Exposition. Now and then one could hear the audience yell and clap their hands at the Turkish dancers "up-stairs." The above likeness is one of the favorites who charmed the American audience with her peculiar dances.

A DREAMY SPOT.—The Esquimaux Village was one of the most interesting places at the great Fair, located near the Fifty-Seventh street entrance, north of the Midway. Perhaps many of the visitors wondered why they did not make their headquarters on the famous street with all the rest of the nations. The question is easily answered: As it was their desire to show their real life, and in order to do the latter it was necessary to have a little ocean of some kind to exhibit their skill in the canoe, and therefore selected the dreamy little spot as shown above. They made good use of the spot, as was proven by their untiring efforts to show the Fair visitors their North Pole skill in the little canoe during their six months' stay.

A MIDWAY PARADISE.—The miracle worker was abroad a couple of years ago, and his fashioning hand worked to completion on the Midway, a fragment of the Old Vienna of two centuries past. A portion of one side of the square is presented. Architecture, names, coloring and decorations were reproductions of the past; but they were so quaint and peace-producing that visitors flocked there by the thousands apparently nor little else than to meditate and listen in a dreamy way to the exquisite music of the bands. At night the square was especially enjoyable and no where in the great world was there condensed in so small a space so much of unadulterated enjoyment of the good things of life, nor such a motley combination of persons and things. Every nationality seemed to find in this spot something to like, a panacea for some of the miseries of life.

AN IRISH COTTAGE.—"A thousand welcomes" and two pretty maids at the door made this thatched cottage of the Industrial Irish Village a resort to be sought for by the lovers of Irish hospitality and the hunters for the curious. One had to enter through the great gateway to get a view of the work accomplished under the presidency of Lady Aberdeen, but once inside there were to be found cottages like the above, devoted to various home industries, such as embroidering, spinning, weaving, knitting, bog oak and wood-carving and, not the least important by any means, the model dairy. For all the houses there was the same standing invitation, and thousands of people took the thousands of welcomes with an avidity that was complimentary and of course pleasing. To the left of this cottage stood the old Irish cross which formed one of the attractions of the village.

TEA GARDEN PEOPLE.—Commodore Perry made a mighty transformation when he unlocked the doors of Japan with his cannons for keys, and introduced to the public the people of one of the most intelligent and ingenious nations in the world. To-day the Japanese have representatives in all great cities and not a race-prejudice exists against them. At the Exposition the exhibits of their head work and handicraft were numerous and surprising. On the Midway they had a bazaar and a tea shop in the rear of the store. The group above comprises pictures of the attendants in the tea garden. Two marked peculiarities about the Japanese are their sedate but not excessive politeness, and their fluent use of the English language. These traits may be easily recalled by those who were fortunate enough to be brought into business relation with these interesting people.

A NOTED CORNER.—Study this picture for a few minutes! It is the west end of Cairo Street terminated by the Temple of Luksor in which were gathered mummies and monuments of almost forgotten dynasties. Without this granary of debris was the exhilaration of modern life, the fullness of civilization. Rising at the left, but out of view and known only by the projecting roof of its office, was the great wheel. People are moving west on the avenue; some are lounging in the shade, two or three are beckoning upwards in recognition of acquaintances on the wheel. The roller-chair men are waiting for their fares to come down from the skies. A carriage, a queer thing for the Midway where only officials rode, is partly in view. Over in Cairo Street can be seen the tents of the Soudanese and the Nubians toward which people are moving, and there is a small crowd around the door of the Temple. It was a good time for sight-seeing, and the artist has caught the small crowd on the corner and at a happy moment.

A STANDARD BEARER.—No prouder man stepped in the dust of the Midway and won his share of the cheers of the crowd than he who marched at the head of the German band and wielded the insignia of his office with as much care as if it contained all the melodies of earth and heaven. There are companies of musicians who lack this ornament of the marching force; but Germany came with all colors flying and a determination to be perfect. This standard bearer always made a sensation. His regalia was royal in all its details and these Eagles of Germany won peaceful conquests where warlike regiments might have been defeated.

AN INTERIOR FROM DAMASCUS.—It was not for rent, this old house from Damascus, or rather its fac-simile put up in the Bedouin Encampment, Turkish Village. In fact no omnipresent house agent had spoiled its romance with paper and wooden signs. Abdallah had lived in its original hundreds of, perhaps two thousand, years ago as the story went. It was an object lesson for Exposition visitors, nothing more. There was not much to the edifice—only one room, but that one room was a sort of palace. There were rugs for the feet and divans for the body. The eyes rested on festooned walls and caught up the laces of inlaid traceries of ivory in the dark woods. On the slightly raised floor the master of the place, with his guests, sat and conversed as they smoked, or listened dreamingly to the tinkling of the little fountain in the front. Perhaps a dancing girl was there, at times, or a wandering minstrel with his harp. The imitation furnished only a clue to what a good time the owner of the original might have had if his opportunities were improved. Had it been possible the modern vandal would have utilized original or copy for a summer house or a dog kennel, according to his wealth.

TWO DANCERS.—They gave us their best dancers, those Egyptians. If the public expected a Carmencita or a Lottie Collins on the boards of the Egyptian theatre they were disappointed. The land of the lotus and the palm, of the pyramid and the sphynx, is too old for such sprightly efforts. No well regulated eye on the Nile is agile enough to watch the flight of our kind of dancers. They want the slow and the heavy in action, something that does not weary the head with turning; something solemn and somnolent. For these reasons the Egyptian dancers were not as popular as the mad cavorters at some of the other theatres. They were curiosities in a way: but as their English was as broken as their trippings on the stage their opportunities for flirting in the American style were very limited.

A STREET ENTERTAINMENT.— Here is an opportunity to study the mummery of the Orientals, and to learn how little of the grotesque was necessary in order to put them into good humor and produce a laugh. The foreigners are bunched. There are gathered all callings, from the donkey-boy in the foreground to the indistinct somebodies in the distance. The bear is not a grizzly from the Rockies, nor are the women the voluptuaries of poetry, but the figures are all the genuine goods, importations, stanzas from the desert and rounded passages from the poems of every-day life in the East. To these people, to the camels even, the marriage procession, the acrobatic performances, the carnivals of nonsense, daily repeated, were tiresome, but the great omniverous public, always changing, found the attractions fresh and full of the comedies of life. And so Cairo Street had its brick pavement polished continually by such displays as are depicted above, because the people hungered for them.

AN ACTOR IN THE ODEON.—It is not so much for the actor as for the character he represented, that the picture is given. The actor was good in his way, but the play is accounted by the Turks as one of the grandest of works by that greatest of poets, Antar, the son of Sheddad. Antar was a negro, the son of an Arabic prince by a negress mother, captured in a raid, of the prince. He rose from obscurity to become one of the greatest of soldiers and conquerors and wrote poems to such an extent that it requires twelve volumes to contain them. All are in Arabic and are held in the highest esteem by the Orientals. He lived in the 5th century. In the character rendered by the actor the dress and armor is a reproduction of those worn by Antar himself.

A NAUTCH DANCER.—One of the much loved performers on the Midway was Marietta, of the Turkish Cafe Concert Troupe. She was only a little girl to American eyes, though a woman grown to foreigners. She was fourteen years old, Jewish by birth, born in Bayreuth and came to the Exposition with the Kourany Company. As a Syrian testifies, everybody fell in love with the little woman; she was so jolly, so good natured, so full of animal spirits. She was only a fair dancer, but a good singer of the songs of her country. Her dress as shown in the picture, was a rich one as compared with the rest of the girls, and her ornaments, with which she was heavily freighted, were of gold and silver. Sometimes Marietta was at the street entrance to the theatre, which was over the Cafe, and became quite proficient in the art of flirting with her eyes. They were handsome eyes and she knew it. Men knew their power. As for the women—well! they didn't become jealous but turned right in with the men and became equally fervent in their admiration. This was a fine example of heroine worship.

IN TRUE DAHOMEYAN STYLE.—Here is a picture fit for a comedy. Behold an Amazon warrior, a belle of the village of duskiness, carried in state down the highway of nations. Great husky blacks are supporting the hammock hung to a long heavy pole, and so quickly were their motions caught by the sun that no time was given to let them plant their feet firmly on the ground. The beauty reposes in state. Her hands are raised to smooth down her frizzes, for woman's vanities are the inherent and universal peculiarities of her sex. This vanity seems to have extended to the Amazon's legs, which dangle carelessly over the edge of the hammock and display all the fine points of anatomy incident to those extremities. Cleopatra never journeyed in happier state than rode this dusky beauty on the bright summer day that gave to the Midway a procession combining African savagery with the civilization of the Exposition. If contrasts teach lessons, then such spectacles as the one depicted—and they were frequent—must have leavened the multitudes with a great many seeds of knowledge.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.—The lessons taught at Hagenback's menagerie were far outside the ordinary course of study. They embraced illustrations of the power of human kindness and the possibilities of the redemption of animals from their state of ferocity; they proved how the dog (if not the lamb) might lie down with the lion and neither be the worse for the experiment. The illustration exhibits the mutual confidence, the banker-depositor faith which existed between the "King of the forest"—and there were several of them—and the jolly canine of the arena, the cheerful dog who thought nothing of nipping a lion by the leg or whispering in his ear with his teeth. As for the mutual trust in each other, that is shown by the droll, I'm-up-to-snuff look on the dog, and the apathetic waiting-to-hear-what-you-say demeanor of his companions and associates. These little assemblages *en banc*, as it is said of the conventions of judges, were the most delightful exhibits the children could obtain on the Midway, and no matter how old those boy and girl auditors may become, they never can or will forget the sensationalism of these continually renewed treaties of peace between man and brute, and brute and brute, as given in Hagenback's Arena.

A TUNISIAN SOUVENIR.—It was very kind of Tunis and Algiers to send olive-branch exhibits to the Exposition, for once upon a time the United States picked a bone with their rulers, and picked it clean. In the shadow of the Ferris Wheel and in the eddy of the tide sluicing around the corner of that structure's enclosure was the booth or shop of the Tunisian. It was loaded up, or down, in a disorderly fashion with trinkets and goods of all kinds. You can study them even in this picture—metal carvings, fans, lamps, embroideries, tapestries—everything that entered into the calculations of a Tunisian for furnishing his house or adorning his person. The shopkeeper was speedily Americanized in dress, and doffed his flowing garb for an economical misfit and a four-in-hand, always retaining his fez. It was astonishing the way these Moorish people acquired Yankee tricks of trade and lost the glamour of romance in history and language by their quick acquirement and fluent use of the slang of the day. The Tunisian, himself and his souvenirs, were invaluable adjuncts of the Midway and its Exposition.

A MIDWAY FACTORY.—It is not necessary to name this building. It was the most prominent structure, and the most artistic on the great Avenue. It towered above all its surroundings and was noted because it presented one of the greatest industries of the country. Everybody wanted to see how glass was made and to watch its evolution from the furnace to the fragile vase or the silky-like dress. The world is more practical than sentimental nowadays and prefers pumpkins to primroses, and roast beef to a poem. It surfeited itself in this building in watching how necessities as well as luxuries are created and satisfied. Here was a good school house and there were lots of scholars. The scene on the street is worth a study. The Midway crowd with its Midway types are out in force, and a good eye will pick out more than one representative of the nations that made the thoroughfare so famous that its name has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth.

A PERSIAN AT PRAYER.—The Persian at the Exposition was unquestionably lonesome in his religious duties because he was a Persian and had his peculiar way of appealing to the Great Spirit, as will be inferred from the illustration. The Persian religion of modern times is Mohammedism, though there are about 105,000 Parsees devotees of the very ancient form of Zoroaster, who existed many hundred years before the coming of Christ, and whose Zend Avesta was a combination of laws and legends existing long before his time. The Persian gives to his religious duties a fervor that is fanatical, conforming to all its requirements, however onerous, with a fidelity seldom found in the devotees of other religions.

A STAR FROM THE NILE.—It must not be taken for granted that Egypt and her people are as black as they are painted. The country is not all desert nor its inhabitants sphynxes. The original of the above likeness was from historic Cairo, Cairo the old, Cairo the magnificent—the Cairo. She came to Cairo Street and for six months was one of the most quiet, industrious and much-liked foreigners in that quarter of the Exposition. Her employment was the rather queer one, her nativity considered, of photographing; and in that capacity she was brought into acquaintanceship with many thousands of people. The face is a strong one, of marked character, full of intelligence and a good subject for study. It is barely possible that the misfortune of her existence was in the fact that, considering her vocation, she ought to have been born several thousands of years ago. Then the 19th century would have learned from her photographs more about ancient Egypt and its rulers.

A RUSH FOR THE THEATRE.—At the first or the third look one might reasonably doubt the assertion that this was the reproduction of a spot on the Midway. The buildings and the people are those of a foreign country. In the foreground, near the turbaned Turks, the aproned Nubian and the properly caparisoned Americans, are the kneeling rugs of the camels. The signs and the Arabic letters above the latticed work of the corner building are as mystifying as anything can be. A tourist of the world would swear, rubbing his eyes, that he was very much abroad, when in truth he is simply taking in a view of the never tiresome Cairo Street. In the distance, west, is a crowd of people gathered around the entrance to the theatre. There was always a crowd at this door-way, not because the artists within were noted in the profession, but because there was a widespread opinion that this opening was a side-door to the delightful in sin. It took only a few minutes to disabuse the public of this idea, but as the disabused passed out of an exit in the rear the new-comers were deprived of the benefit of the others' experience.

THE AZTEC BUILDING.—In a place of prominence, yet almost unnoticed, this portrayal of the home and this display of the relics of the "early citizens" of this continent, met with a discouraging reception. The public did not appear to care so much for the past, with its uncouthness, as for the present with its appetizing finish. Half an hour in a Midway theatre was more agreeable to the ordinary man than half a day given to looking at old bones, old books and useless implements of war and agriculture. Ethnology was Greek to the man-about-town as well as to the sight-seeker from the ruralities. Cortez wiped out a nation and made himself infamous: but Cortez shines in history while the bones of his victims ornament "old curiosity" shops. The Aztec was a type on the Midway, but a long dead one. His paintings, sculptures and prehistoric debris counted for nothing in the swim of human life passing the portals of his door-way. Perhaps some other Fair, some other day may do his memory justice.

A PROMINENT KOREAN.—When a Korean came upon the Midway he at once became prominent because of his face and his dress. This may be easily understood by those who study his costume. The hat is of fine bamboo so braided as to resemble stiff crape. With the officials the flowing robe had red cuffs, yellow sleeves and gold brown body, all the material being of the finest silk, held around the waist by a blue sash. Korea had a small but instructive display in the Liberal Arts Building. The country itself lies between Russia and China, and its 82,000 square miles is peopled by nearly 16,000,000 inhabitants, most of whom follow the teachings of Confucius, though there are about 50,000 Roman Catholics in the country. The government is an absolute monarchy, and the present king or hapman, is the twenty-eighth of his line. The people themselves are amicable but non-progressive. The Chinese language is taught in all the schools. The attempt was made not long ago to have a postage system and a mint to coin money; but these efforts caused a successful revolt. A very little of American medicine would cure this evil.

REPRESENTING THE ORIENT.—The women of the far East are struggling to obtain an individuality, and an influence in public affairs proportionate to that enjoyed by their sex in England and America. A notable example of this effort was given at the Exposition in the person of Mrs. Hanna Korany, a lady from Bayreuth, whose mission was the showing of the condition of the women of her country. In accomplishing this purpose she has delivered many lectures outlining the past and present status of those women and suggesting such methods of reform as were likely to be beneficial. These efforts have been warmly responded to by American ladies, and Mrs. Korany has carried her work as far as California. At the Exposition this Bayreuth missionary was to be found a great deal of the time in the Woman's Building; but she was also a frequent and welcome visitor to the Turkish Village on the Midway. Her lectures were eloquent and instructive, and wherever she went she acquired enthusiastic friends, disposed to aid her in her efforts to elevate the condition of her sex in the Orient.

A TOBACCO BOOTH.—Sir Walter Raleigh may have been the discoverer of tobacco, but it has taken the Turk to get out of it something beside the nicotine and the "penny-grabs." The Oriental is a royal smoker, and those of that race who do not smoke are oddities. It was necessary that they should have a booth for the sale of the weed in Cairo Street; and the above is a picture of that booth. It is not at all like our cigar stands, lacking the luxuries and the art adornments. But the Turks are there and a good view is given of the interior decorations, even to the talismanic words inscribed on the wall behind the man with the straw hat. Of course such a booth would not answer the requirements of trade in our city, for even the good looking sales-girl—a necessity in many places—is missing from this stand.

THE JOSS HOUSE.—As conspicuous a structure as any on the Street was the Joss House and Theatre of the Chinese. Whichever way you looked the eyes took in the two towers rising in successive but diminishing stories, their corners tipped with bells and their summits bearing the Chinese flags. Here prayed to their gods the almon-eyed subjects of the Flowery Kingdom, and the grotesque ceremonials of the strange religion of hundreds of millions of people was sheathed from modern civilization only by the thinnest of walls, and the respect of a liberal minded people. Behind this temple was the theatre, wherein the most wonderful of plays were rendered and the most dolorous of music produced. The comicality of the place was in the rendition in temple and theatre of antediluvian legends by people whose written history antedates all others, a native whose civilization should excel the "open board" governments of the world. The Midway was just the spot for such a temple, for it was the abiding place of the incongruous in everything.

A SWORDSMAN FROM NAZARETH.—We being a peaceful people, with whom only the pistol and the tongue are ready arguments, the swordsman of the Holy Land became to us an entertainer of the highest order. People like to see others do what they cannot or dare do themselves. Happily the gala days of the ready rapier are gone forever and men no longer punch holes in each other on the slightest provocation. Still, there can be no reasonable objection to seeing how it used to be done. This swordsman from Nazareth was continually giving examples of this sort of ability, and it was of no mean order. Active, alert, keen and wicked of eye, a master of all the sciences of thrusts, lunges and parries, he was able with his big sword and little shield to successfully defend himself against his skilled adversaries. Though these combats lasted but a few minutes, there was a vast amount of exercise involved in them. Swords flashed in the air like bars of living light, and the rattle of their edges on the copper or brass shield was something like the rattle of hail on a metal roof. It is a matter of thanksgiving that their exhibits have not become as fashionable, although less dangerous, than the revolver practice.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.—Somehow one affiliates in sentiment with the jolly musician from Germany. There is about him when he is at rest an air of contentment and a spirit of jollification that catches the humor of the public and wins it. Take this picture for consideration! In front we have the man who is trying to play two flageolets at the same time. Behind him smiles a comrade who might be a Bismarck were he not a bandman. Above is a group on the watch for something or somebody, while in the upper gallery a hungry, lonesome man munches a sandwich and keeps out of the sunlight. In the whole grouping there is "liberty, equality and fraternity," as the French say it but do not have it. There may have been happier encampments at the Fair than that of the German Village musicians, but the history of the day did not show it.

THE EAST END OF THE MIDWAY.— This will be a pleasant picture to look upon for those who, in the days gone by, have tramped the Midway's length and, returning, passed into the space from which the eye took in a section of the Exposition the very look of which made them feel as if they had returned from a foreign voyage. To be sure, Blarney Castle, with its attractions, had to be passed, and the viaduct's thunder to be heard without fear, but ahead, in the near distance, stood, like a beacon of hope, the white walls of the Woman's Building — mecca of many a tired woman whose ears and eyes were burdened with the visions and sounds of the wonder-street of the world. Beyond, one saw the towers and domes and lazy hanging flags of a score of nations. It seemed dream-like in those golden days of summer, this outspreading of the fancifully real against a sky of Italian blue; it is a fancy, now that storms and fires and wrecking hands have despoiled the spot of all its loveliness in nature or art. The millions of people who traversed the broad avenue will all be dust before another such a vision will greet the eyes of mankind.

AT EASE.—When an Oriental woman became tired she sat down. A chair was not necessary for this accomplishment. She took a tailor-made position and enjoyed the result. This woman from Algiers would have made herself at ease in the same way in the finest parlor in the country. It might astonish a visitor to see a hostess drop to the floor, curl her feet under her and conduct the fashionable chatter of the time; but in Algeria such a gymnastic exercise is expected; in fact it is disappointing not to have it done. If tight lacing or hearty meals were common this semi-recumbent position would be either painful or impracticable; but nature does not expect chair sitting of all its products. If it did it could not supply the chairs. The lady from Algiers, like our legislators, "has the floor," only in a different way.

THE JAPANESE BAZAR.—The Liberal Arts Building had Japan, so did the Midway. Midway visitors were enthusiastic, the Liberal Arts visitors were apathetic and complacent. The former bought goods, the latter looked at them. This made a big difference with the Japanese. Stored in the two little buildings represented in the illustration was a wealth of the art work of Mikado land. The art of Japan is something by itself. No other nation approaches the delicacy or excellence of its productions. In the Bazar were gathered all grades of porcelain wares, the richest of silks, the most intricate and delicate of carvings, the most exquisite of paper work, the oddest of toys and most grotesque bric-a-brac. The very flags that floated to the Midway breezes were thoroughly Japanese. Of all the representations on this highway of nations the richest, rarest and most unique was that of Japan.

THE SERPENT TAMER.—One feature of the exhibition of the Hindu jugglers—that of twining, like an old fashioned tippet, venomous snakes around the neck—nearly always frightened the women of the audience into a frantic retreat. It was certainly not a pleasant exhibition to see a man lay a cobra over his shoulder as if it were but a common necklace, or to watch himfondle a fanged head as carelessly as if only a bit of ribbon. Such amusement is common enough in India, but not in this country, where influential organizations labor to exercise the presence of snakes in one's boots. With the fakir's exhibit, conquest and sociability were corrollaries of each other, and made trade a possibility. The subject of the illustration felt no repulsiveness for his pets and the manipulations of them. It was with him a matter of common business. The hooded cobra was more of a toy than an enemy; and whether he lay, inert, in a basket, or swung, like the tendril of a vine, from the neck of his master, was all the same to both master and serpent. If the public did not like the display it could go away: master and snake remained to excite and charm those who were not afraid or disgusted.

THE EXTRAORDINARY OSTRICH.—There were twenty-eight ostriches on the Midway farm, representing a Californian industry, the birds being hatched by incubators and producing a revenue of one hundred dollars apiece from their plumage alone. Those at the Exposition were part grey, part black, and were given such names as Grover Cleveland, James G. Blaine, Susan B. Anthony, Gail Hamilton, etc., and seemed to respond to the calls made for such titles. Upon one occasion two of the birds, Gail Hamilton and James G. Blaine, escaped from the enclosure and for more than an hour kept the west end of the Midway as clear of people as if they had been highway-men. There are two peculiarities about the ostrich: they will eat almost anything, and the female does the wooing and the male has to care for the young. The ostrich orchestra had only one singer, its maestro. Here is an echo of his song: "Step forward and see them. Only two nickels or one dime, good people. It was Byron who said, 'Sweet as voice of girls, the song of birds.' The ostrich does not sing, ladies and gentlemen, and it does not talk so much as some girls, but that is just the reason why you should now step right forward and see it for yourself. Only ten cents, and you can see the largest collection of ostriches ever got together by civilized man beneath the over-hanging canopy of God's own heaven. Step forward, good people!" Was there any need of the bird talking when it could hire a man to do it?

THE HIDDEN WOMAN.—Not all the women of foreign lands were seen by Midway eyes. People from Turkey, Persia, Algeria, of a dozen nations, maintained in jealous retirement the women who came as their wives. The latticed windows of many a building in the Oriental quarters hid weary, watching, faces, worn and sad with a seclusion but little less than that of a prison. Take this Algerian woman! Life to her was barren of joy. If she ventured upon the street she went closely veiled and with a vigilant watcher always at her side. If she remained in her little room it was to see, day after day, the same tiresome objects, while through the open windows came the outeries of careless throngs. To lie upon a divan, to think, to dream, was about all that engrossed her time. She had nothing to live for. To die, in a strange land, was a fate full of unspeakable terrors. Masculine and heavy of feature, devoid of sentiment, barren of education, yet the woman had the softer feelings, the yearnings, the hunger for companionship, that are the ever-pleading accompaniments of her sex. But through the hot summer days and the waning warmth of October she watched and waited and then, in bleak November, still unknown and unseen, still the victim of a tyrannical seclusion, she and hers passed out of the Midway and towards a land dear to her because it was home. Chicago she did not see.

A DAUGHTER OF ARABIA.—It requires a peep behind the curtains of an Arabian tent on the Midway to acquire satisfactory ideas of what the people were, who were under its shelter. Every well informed reader can recall those phrases about "Araby's Daughter," "Araby the Blest," etc. But poetry is too often but a masquerading costume for poverty stricken facts; and lean, attenuated truth sometimes puts on the robe of purple. The picture above, of the Midway Arab girl, disillusionizes one of many rosy ideas. Poetry would make an houri out of this subject, but the stern unpitying eye of practical men and women saw only a type of human nature as wild, as untutored, as corrugated in spirit as the nomadic creatures of a great city's streets. There were barbaric accessories of costumes and of manner in favor of the daughter of the desert; but the heaviness and coarseness of the face, even if approaching to a sort of rugged beauty, was not likely to last long, and this belle of today will probably be, in a couple of years, a wrinkled and rugged old woman. Whatever her fate, it is an all around satisfaction to know that she and the Exposition are better off for having met.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.—Ghost dances, government Indian agents and the regulars of the army have been quiet for nearly a year, there came the opportunity, and a timely one, for the copper-colored wards of the nation to put in a few months visiting at the Exposition. Having no friends or relatives in Chicago, the Sioux kept house—that is their squaws did—on "their own hook." To this hospitality of theirs (with a string to it) the visitors to the Great Fair were indebted for the opportunity of seeing Indians who have been thorns in the sides of Uncle Sam, not the most insignificant of whom was that valiant and veteran scalper, LONE DOG, appropriately presented above. No apology is submitted for the scantiness of his wardrobe, for he was clothed in his own vanity, and took an infinite delight in checking off his record of atrocities in peace and war. With all credit to Herr Hagenback for his skill in taming the most ferocious of animals, he failed nevertheless, to try his ability on the Indians of the West, and has not, therefore, satisfactorily demonstrated the completeness of his powers. Lone Dog has returned to his agency to be a "good" Indian until he thinks it will pay him to be a bad one and so enhance the historic value of his portrait.

A DANGEROUS FRIEND.—It was a captivating scene, imparting a sense of manly power to the spectators, to behold the Royal Bengal tiger, looking just as supreme as he is represented above, pushed around the little arena at Hagenback's by two don't-care-a-darn sort of dogs. The tiger was a magnificent beast and so lovely that many women longed to coddle him, he looked so much like a magnified cat. His beautiful stripes, the envy of the lion and the white bear, gave him the fantastic appearance of having been toasted to a turn; his eyes had a languorous droop, and his mouth, with its ferocious teeth masked by drooping lips, seemed too kindful to bruise even delicate, well-buttered griddle-cakes. In this moving procession one almost forgot the servile dogs merrily stumping along on their hind legs, braver creatures by far than the brutes they pushed. Yet without them this picture of fantastic amity, would have been incomplete. Demure as the tiger may have seemed, and happy as the dogs tried to make people believe they were, death always rode along side the jungle monarch, as was shown by the tragic end of the trainer Thieman at the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. The tiger may smile and droop his eyes in a dreamy way, but it should be remembered that he fights without gloves.

THE CHINESE THEATRE.—In view of the fact that there are so many Chinese in this country it would be wise not to laugh very loudly over the stage work of the Mongolian actors at their Midway theatre. The types present the only picture taken of the interior of this place of solemn playing The Temple of China on the Midway was a building that once seen would not soon be forgotten. It contained temple, or joss house, and theatre. The theatre had a stage and orchestra of six people who were on the stage. There were thirty-eight actors imported from Canton. There were no women in the troop, men taking their part and dressing like women so well as to deceive the audience. The company preformed eleven hours a day. The repertoire included over twenty plays and the story was told that some of these plays were portrayals of life as far back as 2,400 years. Americans seldom, if ever, wait for the conclusion of a Chinese play, which runs from four to six days. The costumes of this troupe were invoiced for duty valuation at $15,000.00 and were of the richest material. There were tens of thousands of visitors who omitted the theatre from their calling list who will regret the neglect as long as they live, for China actors, theatres and plays are rare things even in this country.

FROM AFRICA, SIR.—The English object to meeting a Soudanese alone, in the bush or on the plain. In such cases no card or letter of introduction is needed. Diplomacy or the revolver are usually the master of ceremonies. At the Exposition the envoy from the Soudan was not such a bad chap. His queer-looking sword did not get entangled in anybody's vitals, nor did his spear beat a tattoo on anybody's ribs. The original of this portrait would have made Salvini blush for the naturalness of his Othello, and induced a politician to become enamored of the black race. Of course, the times were peaceful at the Exposition. Traditional enemies lived in harmony in the little territory of the Midway, and timid-souled visitors passed from an African's hut to an Indian's tepee, unpunctured and unscalped. The Soudanese were not pets, but curiosities, because of their fighting qualities. They were types of a black race that has proved the danger of their enmity, by opposition to the rule of white men, and a cruel, relentless opposition at that. The African fights with the rudest, most ineffective of weapons, against the finished war goods of the most ingenious nations; and has, so far, remained unconquered. Like the American Indian, he fights on his own territory, after his own fashion, and steadily refrains from acknowledging a defeat.

A TAMBOURINE GIRL.—There was much grambling and the severest of condemnation given to what was poetically styled the Persian theater. Towards the close of the Exposition, such criticism was, in the main, just: for there was a rapid degeneration and corruption in this place of amusement. At the beginning, however, it presented many admirable features for consideration, the best one being, without question, the tambourine and dancing girl whose picture is given. There is not an atom of the American about her. She was foreign in looks, dress, language and action. Her apparel was of the richest material—silks heavily embroidered. Her bodice was of thin, small plates of a gold-like metal, and the jaunty cap upon her head of heavy, jet-black hair, was as picturesque a crown as an artist could reasonably demand. It is understood that there is no music in a tambourine, ancient as is its use: but with a graceful dancer it is like sugar-frosting for cake. This woman, being pretty, agile, willowy, charming and bewitching in the supple turns of her body, was a goddess for a few weeks: then she became homesick, or tired of the unconventional crowds of the theatre, and gladly turned her face from the Midway and towards lands where she could be understood and appreciated.

THEATRICAL TURKS.—At the Odeon were presented what were claimed as strictly Turkish dramas. The duration of the acting was brief; and as the audiences understood nothing of the play, save by reading the librettos, there was hardly any opportunity for becoming wearied either by excitement or long setting. The actors were brought from Europe and the entire troupe comprised sixty-five performers. Of the group in the picture those wearing white turbans are Druses and the others with turbans are Kurds. The end men were Dervishes. The swordsmen in the background will be easily remembered by those who saw their play, both on the street and the stage. The entire company was made up by people from Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Bayrouth, Constantinople, Damascus and other places in Turkey. As a curiosity the Odeon was a popular resort. People were eager to be instructed in all that pertained to foreign habits and amusements, and this theatre had many examples. But what pleased for a few minutes would not satisfy American tastes in theatrical affairs, and the Odeon faded away with the closing of the Exposition, leaving only the recollection of having been about as odd a commingling of history and religion as could be found anywhere out of China.

GOOD BYE, SAMOANS! Their ancestors may have been voracious cannibals yet no one objected to the Samoans on that account; in fact, more than one visitor expressed an envy of stomachs that could get rid of an enemy by eating him. To a certain extent all these islanders were pets of the public. There was an indescribable charm about their movements—an ease, grace and freedom—that forced popular favor. In the grouping above—a farewell appearance, so to speak—every member of the party is represented and the features and forms brought out with astonishing delicacy and fidelity. In the foreground, squatted on matting, are the women of the village, always bright and vivacious. To the left are the musicians, and in sturdy array, lined against the thatched roof of one of the huts, each with the noted paddle in hand, are the men, sturdy, muscular, tireless fellows, in whom the many-times-a-day performances appeared as a sort of play-work. Those who saw them on the little stage of their village will not soon forget their songs, nor the sharp slap of their bare feet on the floor; the whirl and swish of their paddles; the right-about-face movements, like suddenly reversed machinery; nor the final exclammation of relief as the scene closed and the curtain rolled down upon as fine an array of bare legs as was ever seen at any bathing place along the Atlantic. Gone are the copper-skinned islanders! Dead is the Midway where they thrived and waxed fat! Yet, in the summer days to come people in the Park will steal a look here and there in the foolish hope that, perhaps, he or she will see a Samoan who "got left."

THREE OF A KIND.—The people of Cairo street readily conformed to Chicago weather; and as the bleak fall winds began to whistle merry tunes through the nooks and crannies of the buildings, they modernized themselves with overcoats and shawls for exterior adornments, and liquorish whimsicalities for the inside. The group of three above are ready for October blasts. The father, skilled camel leader on many a pilgrimage from the cafe to the temple of Luksor, is well equipped in his Turkish ulster, and has around his lips a grim expression of satisfaction that the dudish son on his right is armed with a regulation overcoat, in a buttonhole of which is planted what may be a real or a celluloid flower, just as fresh, just as tinted, and just as tasteful as those worn by the dudes from Iceland or Cape Horn. As for the sprig in gown and shawl—donkey-driver sprout from backsheesh seed—his half-closed, dreamful eyes are looking dimly into the future, and his puckered-up mouth has an obstinate cohesiveness of lips, as if the severest punishment of his life was the having his picture taken in garments that made it doubtful whether he was a boy or a girl.

WAITING FOR THE MUSIC,—There were several of these dancing girls from Egypt. As compared with the whirlers and kickers and vaulters of today they were, in current slang, "back numbers." They have not improved on the solemnity of motion of those mentioned in Biblical history, in fact the inference is that they have deteriorated, or else Solomon, Saul and other influential men of their times were not good judges of terpsichorean attempts. *Farida*, the woman above, was as good as her co-workers in Egypt's theatre. She paced the stage until wearied of its slowness in getting under her feet. She is given in the attitude of listening—waiting for the music. The musicians were rather queer. They began their strumming when the spirit moved them, stopped when they got ready and were through with the conversation with which they enlivened their work. Farida wearied, after a while, of the Egyptian management and transferred herself to the Turkish Cafe Concert troupe—a more lively occupation and probably more remunerative. The public has every reason to be thankful that these dancers came to the Exposition because, in the event of a trip to the Nile, people will know from experience, how much time they ought to give to the theatres of the Egyptians.

THE COMEDIAN OF CAIRO.—The donkey was the clown of the show. Practically there was little of him : but he wore well and spread himself over the show days with a cheerfulness that was seductive. Sleepy eyed, long-eared, fragile in architecture, patient as Job, and with more of the practical in his existence, this Egyptian jack-rabbit was the admiration and envy of the small boy and the victim of the long-legged man. All the donkeys on the Midway were "good donkeys." They could not run away because they were fenced in, They never blocked street cars as they were kept away from the tracks. If they fell down somebody lifted them to their feet. If they stepped on a man's corns the man apologized. Models of deportment they never ran away with the ladies. They did not care for poetry; eschewed clubs, when possible, and forgave their enemies when the Mu-ezzin called to prayer. More people laughed over his droll servitude to little dusky masters than over the condition of the funniest of monkeys. He accepted everything with a stoical philosophy and gave his brief life at the Exposition to amusing people whose highest ambition was to ride a donkey that had come "clear from Cairo." As Artemas Ward declared of his kangaroo—"he was a comical little cuss."

POSING.—When the balloon burst there was left to the Midway only one economical way to get up in the world, to wit—on the back of a camel. Hundreds did this daily. The act was the supreme felicity of the out-of-town visitor. Chicagoans never rise in that way. It is too slow. They jump up, or ascend on other peoples backs, just as is done by acrobats. In the picture there is "a fellow and his girl." Both are so happy, so fat with the *dolce far niente* of the position, that they crack open with smiles, while the attendants are as solemn as if they were going to be decapitated, and the camel has closed his eyes in a dream of desert sands and fruitful oases. In one sense, that of being a faithful recorder of peoples and scenes, the types are history makers. As a consequence these posing smilers will go down to future generations in an attitude of cheerfulness that speaks well for their digestion, their position on the camel, and the confidential relations between all concerned. The camel and his driver have returned to Arabia: the Boushareen to his wilds on the Nile; the building to the second-hand goods man; but what has become of the airy two who left their smiles as bequests to the souvenir saver.

A CUP Of' COFFEE.—One of the happy inspirations of the day was the chocolate woman picture which a firm of chocolate manufacturers has made familiar to the world. Just as good, if not a trifle better, is the portrait of the coffee-bearer of the Midway. It is better because there is presented a picture from life, of a woman of today flounced, furbelowed, kerchiefed and capped after the fashion of our good great grandmothers. Women dressed just as well, with just as much taste, with as much richness of toilet, a century ago as they dress today. The tricks of the toilet are as old as history, but they never lose their captivating effects. "A cup of coffee" might not be as good, as aromatic, as the Mocha and Java of old times: there might be in it an over issue of Chicago water and a scarcity of cows' cream: still, coming from the hands of a woman in the costume pictured above, everything would be overlooked in deference to a figure that seemed to have slipped, for a bit of adventure, from its frame in some gallery of New England's matrons of the Eighteenth century. She, the cup bearer of fragrant coffee, in her quilts and brocades, with her puffed sleeves and eminently respectable house keeper's bag, was as welcome to the wearied body at the Exposition as though she bore ambrosia in the porcelain and sponge cake in the bag.

ONE END OF THE RIDE.—Mounting donkey or camel at the east end of Cairo street, two or there minutes brought the rider to the west end of his route, to the handsome building pictured above. The architects of the Orient could build no more cheerful looking structure than this one where the cavalcades turned for their homeward trip. Delicate in construction and ornate with dainty fancies in timber and stucco it looked, from a distance, as too ethereal for its position and as being in danger from collapse, should some one give a hearty sneeze. Strong and enduring it certainly was for it held crowds of people every day. Read the sign on the wall at the right—"Tickets for Theatre," and close by at the left was the entrance into which the multitude went in search of the unknowing and unknown. Still further to the left, past the corner and straight ahead and the visitor walked (if he paid his money), into the temple of Luksor or into the Soudanese encampment. It was a pretty place notwithstanding its environs of sheds and shanties, and was the spot upon which the habitual rider looked with regret as being the turning point on his journey

RATHER PICTURESQUE.—This personage, though answering closely to the description given to stories of romantic brigands, was really a quiet, unassuming merchant of the Algerian village, a man to whom the law was as great as his religion was powerful. Superior to both was his innate love of dress, and the development of a costume as picturesque as could well be devised. There was nothing slouchy about him. In fact, on the Midway the wearer became distingue by virtue of his wardrobe. In the Algerian village he was not quite so pronounced in individuality. But the braided jacket, the gaily-colored sash, the baggy white trousers, the heavy boots, and the red fez set jauntily on the head, gave the citizen from Algiers as much notoriety as the "soldier of the Legion" who "lay dying at Algiers," with the happy difference of being very much alive. It will be noticed that the gentleman is wearing his overcoat, the day being cold, and that the style of such overcoat is so simple and easy in cut as to be a living text of bankruptcy to all the high-toned tailors of the country. All he had to do was to sew up the cloth in front, and poke his head through the hole left for that purpose.

TWO SQUAWS.—Any superfluity of sentiment is wasted on the Indian. He prefers scalps to taffy, and fire-water to tracts. He is monotonously hungry to kill somebody, a white man, if possible, another Indian if the white man is happily absent. The Indian woman, or squaw, is a shade worse in human deviltry than the male. In the picture above mildness, docility, kindness, loveableness, seem impersonated. Yet the records of massacres, for centuries, show that the squaw is the apotheosis of incarnate fiendishness. These two, "Pretty Face" and "Mary Hairy-Chin," may never have scalped, nor built a fire around a prisoner, or flayed an enemy alive, but that does not signify that they would not do it if they had the chance. Serfs they always are; friends never; companionable in the inverse ratio of distance. They belong to no ethical societies, dress reform clubs or art cliques; nor are sewing bees or donation parties in their categories of enjoyments. Savages, pure and cunning, they gave to the Midway the shadows of characters that cannot be civilized, and the solemnity of appearances as deceptive as the veiled claws of the tiger.

THE MIDWAY FROM THE SKIES.—Here is a vision very unlike the wearying, stereotyped views with which the public has been continually treated. The Midway and its dividing line from the practical world are presented. On the right is the famous avenue, dotted with people. On the left, Chicago and the world begin. On the one side, fantasy; on the other, reality. Under foot, as it were, are the German and Java villages in the center, with the glass works way east by the second bridge. Then come the Woman's Building, with a bit of the dome of the Administration Building to the extreme right, the magnificent cupola of the Illinois Building in the center, and the Art Palace hump a little to the left of that. Between and around these monuments of authority, industry and art, what mammoth hives of beauty and business were planted. Beyond all, and to the glory of all, murmured or roared, according to its humors—smiled or was sullen, or was raving with wrath, as pleased the sun and the winds—the great lake, fringing the White City with bangles of gold and turquoise, of silver and emerald. Dream of the now Dead City as you may, yet the memories of the realities will festoon life for half a century to come with vanished beauties.

WHERE'S JAVA?—"Once upon a time," as stories used to begin, people at the Exposition when asked "where's Java?" were instantly answered, "on the Midway." To reach it to-day requires an ocean-steamer via Singapore or direct from the Netherlands down to about 9° South latitude and 115° East longitude. On the Midway you did not have to box the compass or anybody's ear, but just traveled until you walked up to and, naturally, into the enclosure portrayed above. In this little territory was a new and surprising community for Americans. Here were little people, men and women, from an island whose principle product is in almost every ones mouth—tiny creatures, the trunks of whose bodies were brownie's bodies in more ways than one. Put head, arms and legs on a huge coffee berry that was asthetically roasted and a Java pigmy would be suggested. As bright-eyed as a Moor, as languid as a Turk, as agile as an Indian and as lovable as a fawn, the Javanese at once became, especially to women, the idols of the Exposition. They came; they were seen; they conquered. They represented pages of history of which every one read something and remembered a great deal. They were volumes of art, science, music and domestic economy. They taught in a soft, voiceless way, more instructive lessons than all the rest of the Midway people They disappeared like figures dry rubbed from a slate.

A BROWN STUDY.—In child or parent the face of the Javanese has a sphynx-like stolidity. It may express wisdom, peace, poetry, perplexity, vacuity, passion—a score of intellectual conditions—alway in repose, with that mild, placid, thoughtful mask, slitted for eyes that study people and things with a complacency as exasperating as it is uncanny. It is difficult to truthfully declare the subject of this picture as man, woman or boy, dreamer or worker; for men and women in Java are boys and girls in America, and faces there are not the indices of character they are with us. On the ridged divan of bamboos, with the simmering rays of an August sun painting the dusky form a little browner and bringing the slothful blood to a quicker motion, reposed this idler of as peaceful a village as human nature will permit, dreaming perhaps of the home in that far away island where life is calm, the climate tropical, the air heavy with the perfume of clove and vanilla, and little forms move like brown shadows in the cheerful sunshine. No wonder these "home bodies" became homesick and marked as a gala-day the date when from their feet they cleaned the Midway dust and turned their faces towards Holland and home.

TWO JAVA SWELLS.—The Javanese have a book of ethics called the Niti Sastra Kaw which tells them that "It is mean and low for a rich man not to dress well:" and again, "A man should wear that sort of apparel, which, in the general opinion is considered proper." The dandyism of the village was of the demurest kind—not even a violet in the button hole, though that omission might be due to the absence of both button holes and flower; but the race rivalries on the Midway brought dudeism out in little spots on the Java man. When he first came to the Exposition a blouse and knee breeches were practical enough for him; but natural vanity and women's eyes ended his complacency and began the evolution of the dude. He draped his lower extremities in rich goods and treated his upper half with cardigan and other jackets. His headgear became more jaunty and his attitudes more studied; but, to cap the climax of his innovations, he wore a watch and chain. They were a funny little people, all-in-all, and when they departed nearly every man had secured a trunk, a sewing machine and a gun, as well as watches and clocks.

THE FIDDLER'S FAMILY.—The leader of the Java theatre orchestra had something else to do besides posing, with his queer violin, as the Paganini or the Ole Bull of his great, big island. Look at the family dependent upon him. It will be kept in mind, of course, that his brood was made up of bantam-like humans, and that rice was as efficient a stomach stretcher as roast beef; at the same time rice—Chicago rice, meaning the best Carolina—was worth eight cents per pound, so that living on that grain alone would make his little theatrical salary shrink like a pricked caterpillar. But the old gentleman was not niggard in his family expenses. The comely women each have a parasol of recent date, and both he and his little son are conspicuously ornamented with American coats, containing American watches held by American chains. It is a matter of thankfulness that they (not the women, but the boy and his father) did not try American pantaloons with the American crease, and so piliaged memory of its picture of the decorated petticoats and shapeless blouses, which made Java's little people oriental enough for Midway requirements. The fiddler and his family went home only half civilized by the tailor and wholly barbaric so far as popular music was concerned.

EN DESHABILLE.—Painters have painted, poets have sung, and sculptors have carved in stone the real and the ideal beauties of many a race; but it is not recorded what artist, if any, has given the art-loving world a masterpiece, in any of these reproducers, of those peculiarities of the human race, the Javanese. They are a people who stand in an attractive isolation and who offer to the world an example of a peaceful, lovable, industrious humanity without a rival. Another of the types in this number gives a fine illustration of the attractiveness of the women of the island of Java; but the picture above enables one to study the rounded outlines and to understand the wonderful suppleness of form of that sex. In their village at the World's Fair the expressions of admiration were universal. The race itself was a revelation. The public had for years drank their sugar, coffee and tea, eaten their rice, used their spices, and in general, utilized the productions of their climate; but it was only when the people themselves came among us that we realized the character and peculiarities of the race that had labored so faithfully for the benefit of mankind.

ISN'T SHE SWEET? — Would a glass envelope be out of place in exhibiting this toy-like native? But little larger than a twelve year old American girl she was a graduate in the curriculum of coquetry, a belle of her race, a woman such as tropical climes produce in their hot-beds of humanities: a handsomely bound digest of physical beauties and intellectual equilibriums. In her prettily colored and flowing robes of silk she gives the impression of a dainty little creature to whom present life was a rainbow and the future a cocoon of rosy possibilities. To come down to hard, matter of fact considerations, she was a dancer in the Javanese theater. The lugubrious thunder of the gongs heralded her coming upon the stage. Barefooted, bareheaded, dazzling in robes of brilliant colors, flashing with tinkling metals, and mute as the marionettes along the sides, she posed her way through a sinuous dance, as incomprehensible as the mythology which bred it, and disappeared under another bombardment of gongs. It was then that the American audiences, toned to higher pedestrian flights, murmured in an ever abiding spirit of revolt — "Ah! if she would only give us the skirt dance!"

A JAVA MAID.—It is not an easy matter to decide whether this picture is that of an overgrown baby or a grown up woman. She has in her face and eyes the steady, stolid stare of an infant; but the height tells the story. Besides, it must be remembered that in Java the sexes arrive at maturity at an early age, males marrying at sixteen and females at thirteen and fourteen years of age. The midgets who moved around the village, though taken for children, might be, in reality, the mothers of them. At a period in life when American girls are just cutting their brain teeth on school fads, and scorching their tempers and their hair with curling irons, these little folks have their own marriages, with real, instead of doll babies, and kindergartens, with mothers for teachers. A Java girl was mild in manner, thoughtful in looks, sedate in action and more polite than ninety-nine out of a hundred of American girls of the same age. Her costume was always picturesquely cheerful, painted or embroidered with taste and skill, and affixed to the body with such a charming negligence as to make it the envy of the dress reformer and the study of the physical culturist.

THE HAT MAKERS.—The Javanese were not idlers. Very few loungers were seen. Everybody seemed to have something to do; if they had nothing then they made an effort for appearance sake, even if it were nothing more severe than the taking off their sandal-like shoes every time they entered their houses. At home these people are docile workers on tea, coffee, rice, sugar, spice and other plantations. They are also skilliful and tasteful artisans in wood and metals and in the manufacture of fabrics requiring patience and ingenuity. The hat makers are an example. Under the broiling sun that helps to make the island so prolific in tropical productions huge hats, or *toedoengs*, are a necessity. The natives deftly braid these protectors and also the bamboo baskets for the packing of the teas and the pockets for coffee; in fact they are skillful in all employments requiring accurate vision and nimble fingers. In acquiring knowledge of machinery these people have shown a readiness that has been surprising. On many of the large plantations where machinery is used the native employes are thoroughly at home amid the wheels, shafting, belts and levers. For the grotesque, and its creation in their homes, they have demonstrated an ingenuity that borders on the ludicrous.

A COLOR WORKER.—This woman is an artist. An American woman does not paint in this position, because, principally, she can not double her form into such a package. If she could she would not be attractive; and attractiveness in pose goes a long way in art matter. The subject of this picture would take a few simple vegetable and other dyes, and on plain white cloth depict richly-hued flowers, gorgeously-colored butterflies, scenery tropically tropic, animals that would have delighted Hagenbeck, though they might frighten the public, and faces that would delight the public though they might frighten the animals. She was an artist from ground to ridge-pole and her few, pitiably few colors, made her canvasses alive with the fantastic creations of her brain. Such workers made the village and its people subjects of delightful study, and from the time when count was first made of the visitors (July 2), over 675,000 persons entered the grounds. The Java people may have been small and seemed insignificent; but the Exposition judges gave their island first prizes for its coffee and rice; and the great public awarded their love to that island's representatives of its industries and arts.

RICE THRESHERS.—Java is the third rice growing country in the world, and two crops a year are raised. This grain is the principal food of the people, and one of their favorite dishes is a compound of meat or fish, fruits and red pepper. The first cutting of the new crop is made the occasion of a procession into the village, two men carrying on their shoulders a bamboo pole from which are suspended the first bunches of rice of the new crop. Drums, flutes and the music of clashing, swinging bamboo sticks make part of the observances. The Goddess of the Rice is called Dewi Sri, and it is considered an insult to her to cut the rice otherwise than in single stalks with a small knife. Europeans in Java eat a rice compound, at noon, composed of rice, beef, fruit, peppers, pickles, etc. The illustration shows a couple of women at work with the simplest of threshing mills. One of them pounds the husks from the grain in the hollow of a large stone; and the other, gathering the threshed part on a huge salver, blows away the chaff. While rice harvesting was omitted from the Midway curiosities some who did such harvesting in their native country were present as visitors.

PLAYFUL PLAYERS.—Unmasked and full of unconventional friskiness are the players in this picture. It was a relief for them to drop the masks and flee from the slow and wearisome acts. The plays given at the theater were such as are produced before the Rajahs of Java, and are based upon the cumbrous mythology of that country, a mythology that had the kings and gods moving and communing together on the earth. The originals of these were the play of shadows on screens, the shadows being marionettes made of leather or paper, with arms and legs worked by a concealed actor and with the words of the play from the voice of a hidden man. In the course of the evolution dolls came into use, retaining the horribly grotesque masks of their predecessors. These masks were brown or red for giants and devils, and white for the nobility. These performances are called the "shadow play," and are still the theatrical amusement for the poor people of Java. The stage view already given showed these marionettes on either side.

TIRELESS LITTLE WORKERS.—One of the pleasant sights in the village was the embroiderers. Wherever there was an unusually large group of women visitors there one would be sure to find the nimble fingered little brown girls weaving strange designs with needles and threads into silks and other cloths. They seldom spoke, even to each other. Now and then they would slowly raise their great, dark eyes and respectfully survey the curious crowds. Day after day they plied this industry. Patterns starting from the colored spot of one little breadth of thread grew slowly into tasteful designs of great leaves, grotesque flowers, odd creations of beast or bird, or a labyrinth of harmoniously blended colors that puzzled the eye with their intricacies. Squatted demurely on the floor these busy girls wove many a gorgeous bit of cloth, or painted with skill, such scenes of country and town as few Americans have seen. There may have been limits to their skill in this kind of art, but those limits must have been left in their Java homes.

A TAILOR FROM ABROAD.—Java has been torn up so many times that political tailors for sewing on patches became absolute necessities. The Portuguese came in sight in 1511, but the Dutch got possession and (with the exception of a few years at the beginning of this century, when the English were in control) have held it ever since. The Dutch are such steady stayers that patches are as needful as trousers. The Javanese are, somewhat, imitators. They do not wear many clothes, as garments are not necessary where the climate is warm and volcanos convenient. But somehow, a tailor came to the Exposition and was caught in surreptitious mending by a stray camera on a hot day. Ensconced on a bundle of switches, with a stock of shirts just from the laundry, the old gentleman, spectacles on nose, is awkwardly trying a clumsy hand at the needle trick. He was a philanthropic being or he would have called on one or more of the little women on the other side of the hut for that aid to which his age entitled him; but the Javanese are one of the most truly polite races on the globe, and doubtless a feeling of delicacy restrained him from asking women to do what he believed he could do himself.

A NATIVE BEAUTY.—A historian, commenting on the Javanese, remarks in an uncomplimentary way.—"the women are not as good looking as the men." Judging by the type above the men must be handsome. It will be noted that the forehead is high and the eyebrows very strongly defined. The eyes are certainly very beautiful, though with a slanting inward and downward like the Mongolians. The nose is not large and is slightly flattened at the nostrils. The mouth is large and the lips heavy. The chuck bones are prominent. The hair is usually a dark brown, but not very heavy. They have reason to be proud of their small wrists and ankles and their slender, well-shaped limbs which are worthy to be models for the sculptor. The stature of these people is below middle size, and their movements are pliant and attractively graceful. Add to these pleasant attributes a complexion of virgin gold color and the Javanese beauty is presented in all her modest glories. Calm, placid and thoughtful in countenance, with a demeanor always courteous and deferential, the little beauties of Java awaken a thrill of admiration in the marble-hearted, and give to the race a reputation for natural ease of manner and charming ways of expression that ought to be models for the great outside world that claims all the civilization under the sun.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Women visitors in the Java Village acted like cannibals when a Java mother strolled about, carrying on her arm and her hip, as captivating a little cherub in brown as ever got into Chicago. The infant did not seem larger than a goodly-sized cat; but he was as clear cut in limb as a cameo; his great dark eyes had a look of solemn inquiry in their depths; and the toy-like hands and feet won mother-love with their gentle workings. Seeing mother and child—miniatures of other mothers and other babes in white—done to a turn by the cooking sun of a tropical island, it was not a matter of surprise that women felt like eating (they declared they felt so) this tiny bit of human toast, and followed the docile but proud little mother for yards, petting the child and cajoling its bearer with smiles and praises. Brown babies are necessary components of Java's population, nor are they rare with us; but it was the foreign shading, the diminutiveness of form, the delicacy of mould, that made this one popular, and led the mother to fear that perhaps, in an unguarded moment, some other woman would sugar and then swallow this heart of her lowly life—this "apple of her eye."

JAVANESE ACTRESSES.—The time came in the history of the Javanese theatricals when living people took the part of the marionettes, but the hideous masks were still retained because they marked the historical characters assumed. When this change occurred the rich were the beneficiaries. They practically owned the players. Those who came to the Exposition came only by permission of one of the Rajahs and were said to be among the best in the country. That these poor women should become tired after each performance was not surprising, for each play was continued from three to four days before reaching its conclusion. The dances given were only animated posings, or a continual series of them in which the hands and arms did the posing. This work was done by young girls from thirteen to eighteen years of age, the Serimpis from the court of the Sultan of Solo, an independent province of the island. Both players and dancers were ever kindly received because there was a charm in their manners that the most critical of audiences could not resist.

WHAT'S TRUMPS.—Small women sometimes have large vices, and cards for the Java lasses was as interesting an exhibit as could be discovered. These maidens were not Christians because Mohammedanism is the religion of the natives. To play cards to beat was the ambition of each contestant. Ordinarily, in the American style of the game, the ladies would have had dishes of savory gossip, while with judicial gravity they conned the strength of their hands and surmised as to the composition of their opponents'; they would have talked hats and gowns while they meditated upon signals and suits. But the Javanese did not play in that way. They did not have subjects for gossip, and fashion in garments was a matter of no consequence when raiment was but little more than a circumscribing bib or a pillow case with one end knocked out. Of course they chattered, but their speech was like the murmur of a brook over moss-covered stones. The game being played in the picture may be an easy one, yet it is requiring an amount of thinking that gives solemnity to the scene and doubt to the players.

A CHEERFUL ACTRESS.—In an earlier number of this series an excellent illustration was given of the theater in the Java Village, showing the stage and the actresses upon it. The portraits of the women were not satisfactorily distinct, and more detail is given to their particular favorite above. She was a favorite because the anomaly of a smile rendered her face pretty, and because, furthermore, that prettiness was not concealed behind the usual mask. The portrait affords a chance to study the symmetry of form of these professionals. If fault were to be found it would be against the long and snaky-like arms, the gestures of which on the stage became repellant because they were unnatural. As will be noted, this stage costume is of richly embroidered material. The neck, arm and waist ornaments were of pure silver. The wardrobe, though entirely foreign to any presentation on our stage, was specially adapted to the requirements of the peculiar plays afforded to Javanese audiences

AT HER TOILET.—When the prophet declared "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," or words to that effect, he talked into the phonograph of Time, and his words are to-day, as hot as when he uttered them, thousands of years ago, in denunciation of frivolity. If they have heard the echo of his indictment in Java, her women do not mind it. Small as they are, as modified as is the area for their personal adornment, they study the mirror and touch up the revealed defects. In this picture we have the Java woman and her mirror. Robed in her gay clothing, yet careless of the size of her feet or the disorder of her hair she has, perhaps, been searching for wrinkles, or "silver threads," or the something feared, yet unknown, that begins to make the dividing line between youth and age, smoothness and corduroys on the face, blazing fires or dull lights in the eyes. She has been looking for something; but the face expresses neither joy nor regret, neither hope nor despair. So far as her face is concerned the verdict of her inquiry is a "sealed" one. The women of the Java Village kept their thoughts to themselves.

SKELETONS.—When the Javanese came they brought with them the material for the erection of their fringed and raveled poems in architecture. Bales of leaves for thatching and bundles of bamboo for timbers came with them, and under the deft fingers of the little people there arose a village, the most unique and picturesque ever built in America. Its inhabitants were voteless foreigners; its buildings one-storied cottages instead of sky-scrapers; the men and women were shy and docile; their wares were the luxuries of the poor, the comforts of the rich. They represented an island that had a population of 25,000,000 on an area of 52,000 square miles, and a mixed people—Chinese, Malays, Moors, Portuguese and Europeans—who, in seventy-five years, have grown up from 4,000,000 souls. They came by the grace of God, the permission of the King of Holland, and the consent of rajahs and the Dutch Trading Company. The shears of Congress snipped their page of life from the Exposition. Loaded down with trunks, umbrellas and watches, the Javanese went back to their island. They left their little temples and cottages for the auctioneer and the highest bidder, who came not as quickly as the relic hunter. The latter, man and woman, ripped and hacked at the leavings until only the skeletons were left for winter's winds to whistle through, and March suns to bite and warp. The hives of the brown bees have no honey; the flowers of the Exposition are dead; everywhere there is going on the process of oblivion.

BEDOUIN WOMEN.—The Bedouin warrior was as gay in attire, in proportion to his civilization, as the American Indian, and seemed to have dropped from the same Tree of Life. His whiskers saved him. America's Bedouins travel without a beard. The Wild East man had long, flowing and many-colored garments, and carried about his person, as part of his dress, quaintly carved guns, yataghans that would carve a man as artistically as the guillotine beheads one, pistols as long as a baseball club and a hardware outfit of jingling, flashing metal ornaments. As grave as a Supreme Court judge and as heavily bewhiskered as a gold miner, he made a very imposing figure when on parade. In surveying these denizens of the desert one forgot their wives and daughters—the household adjuncts of homes of both the civilized and the uncivilized. The grouping above will gratify many a questioner as to the whereabouts of the women. They are not an ill favored looking party, though each face shows the brand of as hopeless a bondage as women can bear. The little poetry in their life is found in that love for husband or child which is given at birth and can seldom be obliterated. To elevate these women they must be made dissatisfied with their present condition; but it would require centuries of education to cause them to mutiny against their condition and struggle for a refinement and a freedom of which they have only the faintest, if any, conception.

A MINSTREL FROM ARABIA.—When Scott wrote his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the wildest flight of his imagination never soared to the possibility that a Chicago would exist, and that an Arabian would chant to its people their monotonous songs of love and war. Uncanny in appearance and weird of note, this troubadour from the desert awakened in the Bedouins a feeling of unrest, as his songs recalled their loves, their hates and their conquests, and made them feel their deprivation of that freedom which comes with the boundless fields of sands and allegiance to no one but their chief. Such a face as is presented in the illustration is an apt one for the conspirator or the fanatic; and the poems he recited made him both. His musical instrument recalls to mind the one employed by the veteran chief of the Java band, and no disappointment followed its inability to produce such charms of sound as follow the magical strokes of the great violinists of to-day To the Arabs, however, as they grouped themselves around him, each note of voice and instrument was an appeal as effective as if unbosomed by a huge orchestra.

THE VEILED TAMBOURINIST.—It was a woman's vanity that led this actress of the Egyptian Theater to appear before a camera in this costume and attitude. It is unnecessary to argue as to the music that can be evoked from a tambourine. There is none. It might "pass muster" if attended by a song; but while a woman may, and often does, sing through her nose, it would be idle to attempt to charm the public by singing through the long veil, pendant, like an elephant's trunk, from the middle of her face. The conclusion is irresistible that the actress relied upon her eyes and her form to win public applause, and for this reason posed in the antique style of loose robes accompanied by the musical instrument that is one of the expected and necessary accompaniments of the dream-provoking dancers of the East. As a pictured reproduction of Oriental posturing—the statuesque in mask—she will be transmitted in Midway Types as "The Unknown," one whose appearance simply serves to further emphasize the cosmopolitan condition of the community she helped to make famous.

A TARTAR.—The Tartars are famous the world over, for a sort of cantankerous antagonism to all other humanities but their own. The saying is old about "catching a Tartar," and another to the effect that scratch a Russian and you bleed a Tartar. Every school child is supposed to be well informed as to the doings of Tamerlane, the Tartar, who made so much trouble with Syria in 1291, and of other Tartars who in the 12th and 13th centuries harrowed with war the country now known as Roumania. History goes to show that the Tartar is in war progressive, incursive and a race of people with whom it is judicious to be on terms of amity. That one or more of them came to the Exposition is a point in their favor; and the picture of this representive shows a man in whose face are the expressions of intelligence and determination. That he saw and learned much may be assumed.

AN EGYPTIAN CHAMBERMAID.—It provokes a laugh to speak of bed-making and room-caring in the land of the sphynx and the crocodile. Americans could not and would not sleep on the couches upon which recline the majority of the people of Egypt. The picture reveals the sort of torture to which the tender skinned Westerner is expected to submit. Perhaps it is "nothing after you get used to it," but it requires a good deal of stoicism to secure abroad the rest accorded in one of our own country taverns. The chambermaid, as shown by the type on the Midway, was not a hard worker, and, as our old-fashioned country people say, passed over her labors with "a lick and a promise;" but in justice to her, it should be kept in mind that her pay was as small as her territory was limited. Certainly, Cairo Street, altogether, was but little larger than the home domain of some of our merchant princes; and this souvenir from the Nile swept and dusted (if she did so at all) but a very little bit of that famous suburb of the Fair. That she played her part to the satisfaction of her mistress is indicated by her return with the family to old Cairo and a life of ease and contentment.

MIRZA.—The Persian Theatre suffered about all the vicissitudes which attend unsuccessful theatrical attempts in this country, until its loss of character was its gain in patronage. At the beginning there were on its stage genuine Persians if not genuine plays and dances. Among these "early birds" was Mirza, said to be from Teheran. She was finely formed and an excellent dancer, and made, in her stately evolutions, a speaking accompaniment from her favorite, the tambourine, which she tapped, and rubbed and jingled with a skill that seemed unapproachable. But there was but little life in her movements. All the fire in her cold nature seemed to flame and flash in her great black eyes; and she sat on the divan as stony-like as if carved by a cunning hand. She knew nothing of this country's ways or language, nor did she try to learn them. Her line of work was marked out for her and she followed those lines conscientiously.

INNOCENT LOOKING BEASTS.—Everywhere through the main buildings of the Exposition, attached to statuary, porcelain wares, pictures, silks and sometimes, by wicked wags, to men, were the signs—"Don't handle." Here Hagenbeck never worried himself about such precautionary measures. Imitating the merchants of the day he let the goods speak for themselves. No one abused the feeling of security. The monarchs of the desert were not disturbed save by rude boys who shied peanut shells at the beasts when they had their eyes closed, and who ran away when those eyes were suddenly opened. The judicial looking faces above awakened a good deal of admiration among visitors to the arena. The hero of the occasion was the man who drove the burly creatures hither and thither with his whip, fired pistols under their noses, lay down with their huge legs around his neck or let them pluck with their lips a tid-bit from his mouth. Perhaps history is at fault, and there are grievous errors about human sacrifices to the lions; or perhaps the lions or the kind of men are not the same as two thousand years ago; or, best perhaps of all, the Exposition may have established bonds of peace and unity between man and beast.

SITTING BULL'S LOG CABIN.—Civilization is sufficiently advanced in the West to place log cabins among the curios of human habitations. Among the magnificent structures on the Exposition grounds proper, nestled two squalid huts—a reproduction of David Crockett's cabin and also of an Australian squatter's hut. The log homes of Lincoln and Grant have become tiresomely familiar in the newspapers, as if no other persons had ever lived in such structures. In view of this craze for the fantastic humbleness in dwellings, the placing of Sitting Bull's Cabin on the Midway was only a judicious catering to the popular craving for oddities. If Sitting Bull had been only an ordinary Indian instead of a noted warrior, very few people would have given any attention to his house; but the man who defied the great United States, who fought, defeated and slaughtered its troops, who caused the government more trouble than any other savage has ever caused it—this man's house was as imposing as a castle to his admirers; but to his enemies was the rudest kind of cattle shelter. The difference between it and the frontiersman's dwelling was in the color and the diffused variety of the dirt of its occupants. As the home for the cunningest Indian politician of the century, it met all his demands, as he needed no other pictures, statuettes or knick-knacks, than scalps, war clubs, rifles and pappoose cradles.

FOUR AMAZONS.—Hideous looking as they were, the Dahomeyan Amazons became objects of attraction and even admiration. This feeling could not have been caused by their beauty, but may have arisen from their fighting qualities and points in physique which every patron of the ring and turf is quick to discover and appreciate. The reputation of these black women is of the most sanguinary character, though, happily, no proof of their fierce nature was displayed in Midway life. It is said that they are absolutely ignorant of fear; and they are credited with being educated to the use of war-like weapons and schooled in the tactics of their savage battles from childhood, so that when they fight it is to kill or be killed. The bodies of several of the women in the Dahomeyan Village were frightfully scarred, the results of contests in which they had been engaged. In several of the gala day processions through the Exposition grounds these people approached the frenzy that borders on blood-shedding, but were restrained from actual violence. Under the protectorate of the French over their territory it is believed a little of the mildness and virtues of civilization may be introduced.

CHRISTIANS FROM BAGDAD.—To be a Christian in the ancient city of Bagdad means something or nothing, according to the point of view, and to the grading of the constituents. The city contains a population of 190,000, of whom there are about 15,000 Jews and 3,000 native Christians, the remainder being Mohammedans. From an Islam standpoint the Christians amount to nothing and are hardly sufficient to justify anything in the line of persecution. As to the merits of the religion of the Christians it is unquestionably greatly below the requirements in this country in consequence of a lower standard of education, as well as by reason of the constant friction against and contamination by other and antagonistic beliefs. The two, man and wife, on the Midway were probably as fair exponents of their faith as the famous city could present. Their manner of dress and general appearance are instructive, though partaking in general characteristics more of the peasantry of European country than of citizens of a place which, when built in 762, was called the "City of Peace," and which under the Caliphs Haroun Al Rashid, and Al Mamoun, his son, became a center of beauty and the famous home of the literature and learning of the Arabs. At one time it had over 2,000,000 inhabitants.

FROM CEYLON.—Handsome men, regardless of color, were always objects of admiration at the Fair. These two, in costume—and a strikingly fine costume it is—obtained an astonishing amount of study from visitors. They were very black men, well shaped, wearing their hair in a tight twist on top of their head. Some of them were robed in long white dresses; others were arrayed as shown in the illustration. They were Singhalese from the island of Ceylon, and the history of their race runs back hundreds of years before the time of Christ. This island is one of the great ones of the world, having a population of 3,000,000 on an area of a little over 25,000 square miles, and was noted at the Exposition for selling tea at $15.00 per pound in a building rich in carvings of East India designs, and built of woods that made rich men hungry to possess them. Every thing in connection with these people was picturesque, from the men to the great court which contained them and the emblems of one of the great and oldest religions of the world.

A MONEY CHANGER.—When Christ scourged from the Temple the money changers He put to flight just such looking persons as the one whose picture is given, and who was a prominent and useful character on the Midway, where he drove a profitable trade with such foreigners as were not acquainted with other than Oriental moneys. Cool, calculating, versed in exchange, unscrupulous and crafty, few made bargains with him and came out the gainer. His banking office was in and on the little stand at his left, and his tellers and bookkeepers were in his head. "For ye have made it a den of thieves," said Jesus, as he upset the tables and drove before him a throng of virulent cowards. From that day to this the usurer and the money changers of the Holy Land have borne this verdict from Christ; but the stigma keeps none of them from following this ancient calling; and it is doubtful whether many people at the Fair gave even a thought to the antiquity of the old man's pursuit, or to the reproduction, in him, of one of the scenes made thrillingly historical by the New Testament.

READY FOR THE RACE.—The donkey had his day on the Midway, the same as many another brute. In his meditative brain ran the linked thoughts of the philosopher who wrote "he also serves who stands and waits." No monument of Egypt's sandy plains was more emotionless. He was the incarnation of dreamless sleep until the summons for the race rung up his soul, and upon his unbreakable back was settled the form of his driver. Then life opened up to him like the unclosing lotus blossom. The simooms of the East chirruped at his ears, and the opprobriums of centuries tugged at his tail. The rival at his side, with opened eyes, uplifted ears and inflated nostrils, infuriated him. His driver's stick accelerated his antipathies. The cries of the crowds were inspiriting appeals, and the Pegasus of poets became a fruit peddlers horse alongside of him. With a careening of his ears and a waspish swish of his tail his four little feet pegged merrily down the brick street amid the huzzas of hundreds, and the triple time beats of his patient little heart. Cairo Street people may have worked cruel wrongs on the donkey; yet the little fellow won his revenge whenever he won his race.

ONLY A MUMMY.—There were grewsome exhibits in the Temple of Luksor. They were mournfully instructive, too; but, somehow, the ordinary mortal does not like to take lessons on living from the grave stones of the dead; nor is it with feelings of exhilaration that he leans against a glass case and, looking down into a sarcophagus, surveys the bones and winding sheets of some poor king or queen who was buried before history was written. But that was among the sombre treats in Luksor. Of course you did not know the deceased, was not a friend of the family, and had no interest in his record as a citizen; at the same time you felt like paying a little respect, without tears, to the remains of one who, antedating Solomon, had been rescued from his tomb to teach the visitors at the Exposition that though life is brief the evidences of death and individuality can survive the changes of thousands of years. The body in view afforded a pretty long sermon in a very short time—in the brevity of the winking of the eye—a sermon more powerful than is given in the thunders of pulpit oratory or in the subtlest logic of the most profound thinkers—the practical exemplification of the Is and the Has Been of human existence.

ICE CREAM *a la* TURK.—Ten years ago the man would have been declared insane who prophesied that not only would the Turk still be a thorn in Europe, but that he would sell ice cream in Jackson Park. But sell it he did, and those who tried Mohammed's brand declared it to be unexpectedly and extraordinarily good. And why not? It goes without quibbling that church ice cream is usually of the finest texture, smoothest finish and most exquisite flavor, regardless of quantity and price. Now, this foreign vendor was a devout religionist, praying with unflagging energy and unfailing regularity. If you could help it he would never cheat you in spooning out his goods. He was the Perkunff of the Midway. His confidence in mankind, and boys, is eloquently expressed in the sorrowful pose of his eyes, the benevolent crook of his mouth, the hesitating halt of his hand as he measures his customer, and his cream; and more than all, by the clutch of his knees around the freezer, and his seat upon it. He was an epitome of the trust-as-far-as-I-can-reach policy of credit. His eatable may not have been fruited from trees in Paradise, and he certainly was not courtly in action, cleanly in raiment or honey-tongued in speech; but it should be kept in mind that he was one of the incarnate exclamation points of the Midway, and a point with the sharp end upward.

FORTUNES TOLD.—The sign in this picture tells a story that needs no words to emphasize its scope and results. Here was a great Sheik (of course), traveled from Arabia (the Orient is always catching) to the Exposition (the lode-stone for fakirs), to philanthropically tell the fortunes of people who had none. It was a great kindness and condescension of this good Arab to nestle in the shadow of the mimic Cleopatra's Needle and by signs, and symbols, and sands, and the palms of the hand, to read the past and the future for the gullible who ventured into the duskiness of the tent. To give a still stronger tinge of the Orient to a scene decidedly Western in other things, a trio of Turks have squatted on the bench by the entrance and appear from the turn of their faces to be engaged in an animated conversation. In the foreground a group of friends have met, one of them bearing that insignia of economy at the Exposition, a box under his arm, containing a lunch. Inside the tent is shown a gray beard, which may belong to the prophetic Sheik, or to some venerable visitor from the country who has yearned to find out the chances on crops or an over-due mortgage. There is this to be said as to the workings of such fakirs, they generally failed to dupe any except those who wanted to be duped, and who would have been disappointed had they not been deceived.

A LETTER WRITER.—Happily the majority of people of this country are sufficiently educated to write their own letters: but in the East there are professional scribes for such work. To the lazy and the ignorant such helps are indispensable. On the Midway many a poor fellow employed the letter-writer above to convey to his friends at home the story of his life at the Exposition, how much he had made or lost; an account of his last flirtation; the mutinous conduct of his camel or his donkey; or to relieve his heart of a little of the homesickness that made it ache. Or it may have been a jolly letter full of recitals of the cunning and successful tricks he was playing on the Americans; or a quaint description of the queer people he met; it may have been a dozen things of which he could think but could not write. The little old man, in his corner of a Cairo Street booth, became a sort of transmitting father-confessor, and with twirl and twist of his hand relieved the soul of his customer. Without the aid of this curious worker, many an inhabitant of the Midway would have found his life miserable and cheerless.

TWO DRUSES.—The Odeon company on the Midway brought to the Exposition many representatives of peoples and religions of whom the ordinary, untraveled American knows little or nothing. For instance, there were Meronites, Samaritans, Ishmaelites, Nasirriats, Yazidites and Druses, the purpose in bringing them to this country being to show our people the habits and amusements of the inhabitants of this ancient country. Of some of these people pictures have been given in various parts of the Midway Types. Above are the portraits of a man, woman and child of the Druses, a people of Syria living on Mt. Lebanon. They speak Arabic, are few in number, and have a religion so peculiar to themselves as to be almost exclusive, the tenets of their faith being practically unknown to their countrymen residing at any distance. Their religion is involved in so much obscurity as to be seldom intelligently referred to by writers on such topics. The representatives at the Fair were quiet, unobtrusive persons, wearing their native style of dress. The child in the group was bright and friendly in disposition, and made friends with everybody. At the close of the Fair the most of this colony returned direct to Syria.

COUNTING THE CASH.—About as pleasant work as any connected with the Midway was the counting of the cash of the various places of entertainment. Above is a picture of the summing up of a day's receipts of the Cairo Street concession. There is money enough in sight to found a good sized bank. It required all the patience and powers of endurance of the gentlemen in the act to support them in their daily routine of toil, for Cairo Street was the great success of the Exposition in all respects. During the six months of the Fair there were over 2,250,000 paid admissions. At first only an entrance fee of ten cents was charged. The price was raised to twenty-five cents early in the season; but the crowds came the same as usual and, to a large extent, left fortunes in the aggregate each day for donkey and camel rides, trinkets at the booths, fees at the theater, the temple and the side-shows. The fun of the Street seemed to make people extravagant; and many a farmer spent a quarter for a donkey ride with less reluctance than he would have felt in expending a nickel for his wife or his daughter. The show razed all the barriers of economy, and the miserly were made prodigal. To Egypt belonged the spoils, and the process of their absorption has been accurately depicted by the camera.

MIDWAY WRECKAGE.—The death struggles of the Midway began with the final lowering of the flags and the setting of the sun. At midnight amid bacchanalian revelries, the life of the great thoroughfare was stilled. Thenceforward and forever were ended the trampings of the pilgrims of pleasure, and silenced was the tumult that followed the tireless millions. There was not left an echo to lament the vanished greatness of the most wonderful street the world ever knew, and to protest against the treachery of time and the desertion of mankind. The winds of winter have shrieked its requiems. The idol-smasher has desolated the little land of sunny memories, and the poor and the junk dealers have aided in the labor of obliteration. A January sun gave the above picture of desolation, as sombre a one as if penciled by the hand of war. There were left, on the right, looking westward, the shell of the glass works, and the Java and the German villages. Only the skeleton of the great wheel remained. On the left, returning, was the Moorish Palace and Hagenbacks. Reality has eliminated Romance. The Midway was the kaleidoscope of humanity at the Exposition. As Julian Hawthorne wrote—"The Midway Plaisance could not take the place of the Fair; but the Fair would not be half as delightful as it is without the Plaisance." To have had both was an incomparable combination for the country.